

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1902.

Vol. XXIII, No. 51.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MCGILL UNIVERSITY.
Late House Surgeon Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in dissection of Women in General Hospital. License Illinois State Board of Health, and Member College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:—Stirling and Bancroft.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

T. E. OLIVER, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY, and M.R.C.D.S. of Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Open every day and evening.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.,
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
Toronto Medical College. License of the
College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Dr. Boulter's
former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-
ANCER, &c. Office over Brown & Mc-
Cutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON,
BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Office: McAmamy Block, Cor. Front and
Bridge Streets.
MONEY TO LOAN.

W. P. McMAHON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Public, Conveyancer, &c., Belleville, Ont.
Private Money to Loan at Lowest
Rates.
Offices, East side Front St.

JOHN S. BLACK,
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
taking Affidavits. Office, over the store
lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE
No. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

DENTISTRY.
O. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and
all the modern improvements known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

MAKING SPACE

FOR OUR
Fall Stock

5 ONLY 5
of these Swell Striped
Serge Suits

at \$8.00 left. We will clear them
out at

\$6.30, Cash.

Sizes 35, 36, 37, 38. Now is your
chance.

Boys' School Clothes.

There will be lots of Boys start-
ing to school next Monday wearing
Suits bought here. Is your boy
among them? No matter about the
size or taste of the boy, there's a
suit here to fit and please him.

Three-piece Suits, Norfolk and
Blouse Suits at \$1.50 or at \$5.00,
or any price between.

Ping-Pong Collars and Ties at

FRED. T. WARD,
Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher.

The News-Argus

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,
TO JAN. 1, 1903, 25c.

Village Council.

Minutes of a meeting of the Stirling
Municipal Council held Sept. 3rd. Mem-
bers present—G. G. Thrasher, Reeve; J.
Earl Halliwell and W. J. Spry.
A By-Law was passed fixing the rate
of taxation for the current year at 20
mills.

Moved by Mr. Spry, seconded by Mr.
Halliwell, that the Reeve and Treas-
urer be empowered to borrow five hun-
dred dollars, being sum required to pay
cost of new cement pavement, until
such time as the taxes levied therefor
can be collected, the same to be bor-
rowed for the term of three months, and
to bear interest at the rate of five per
cent. per annum. Carried.

The Reeve gave notice that at the
next meeting he would introduce a
By-Law giving power to the Reeve and
Treasurer to borrow a sum of money
sufficient to pay cost of the new pave-
ment.

On motion the Council adjourned.
JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Stirling School Board.

Minutes of a meeting of the Stirling
Board of Education held Sept. 3rd.
Members present—Dr. Faulkner, Chair-
man; M. Bird, A. Chard, Jos. Doak,
G. L. Scott, John Shaw, C. W. Thomp-
son, P. T. Ward, O. Vandervoort and
Henry Warren.

The minutes of last meeting were
confirmed.
The following accounts were on
motion of Mr. Chard, seconded by Mr.
Bird, ordered to be paid:—

M. W. Wescott, work at P. S. \$27.12
Pearce Co., supplies to P. School. 6.24
Pearce Co., " H. School. 7.75
C. E. Parker " P. School. 17.47
C. E. Parker " P. School. 9.40

Moved by Mr. Bird, seconded by Mr.
Chard, that the Secretary ascertain cost
of jute matting for stairs in the Public
School. Carried.

On motion the Board adjourned.
JOHN S. BLACK, Sec'y.

Anson News.

From Our Correspondent.

Mr. G. A. Eggleston, Mr. G. A. John-
son and daughters Lena and Lela, Mr.
and Mrs. Edgar Reid and daughter,
and Mr. Ernest White are attending
the Toronto Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McMullen of
Halloway, spent Sunday Aug. 31st with
friends at Anson.

Mrs. Emily Rosebush and niece, Miss
Nettie Hubble, left on Saturday on a
visit to friends in Syracuse, N.Y.

Miss Maggie McMullen is attending
the Model School at Madoc.

Mrs. G. A. Eggleston and daughter
Myrtle returned on Sunday from a visit
to friends in Rochester.

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The funeral of the late Alexander
Johnson, sr., who died of cancer, took
place on Friday, 5th, and was very
largely attended. Rev. Mr. Moore, of
Burnbrae, preached a very impressive
sermon from the words "I am the resur-
rection and the life; he that believeth
in me though he were dead yet shall he
live; and whosoever liveth and believ-
eth in me shall never die." Mr. Moore,
who had frequently visited Mr. John-
son in his last illness, spoke of the se-
verity of his sufferings and also of his
confession of faith in Christ. He ex-
horted those present to accept Christ
now as their personal Saviour, and to
live the life of the righteous if they
would live with Him forever. Besides
his widow the deceased leaves a family
of seven daughters and eight sons, as
follows: Mrs. Wm. Brennan, Mrs. C.
Pounder, Mrs. Thos. Brennan, Mrs. W.
McGie, Misses Fanny, Susie and Lizzie.
Messrs. Wm. Matthew, George, Moore,
Edward, Thomas, David and John, all
of whom were at the funeral with the
exception of George, who resides in the
United States. The dead man's sons
acted as bearers, and his remains were
interred in the Methodist cemetery here,
there to await the dawning of the great
resurrection morning.

St. Lawrence church was beautifully
decorated on Sunday evening, it being
their annual harvest thanksgiving ser-
vice. Rev. Mr. Nimmo preached an
eloquent sermon to a very large and
appreciative congregation.

Rev. Mr. Duke preached a temperance
sermon on Sunday. It was a pa-
triotic call to all who desire the welfare
of our beloved Canada to come out on
Dec. 4th and vote for prohibition.

Messrs. J. E. Harrison, R. R. Case-
ment and A. W. Coe are commencing
some mining work near Bogart, town-
ship of Hungerford, to test a number of
properties for iron pyrites, with a view
of extensive work if deposits prove sat-
isfactory. —Madoc Review.

Oil has been found at Melrose oil well,
and a barrel of crude oil is reported to
have been taken out of the well. There
is great excitement at Melrose on ac-
count of the find. Further operations
will be necessary before it is known
whether oil is there in sufficient quan-
tity to make it pay.

Robert Mackie, of Belleville, who was
sentenced to a term of imprisonment in
connection with the celebrated Napanee
bank robbery, has been released on pa-
role, and is now at his home in Bel-
leville.

Belleville lock factory now has about
forty employees, and twenty more are
needed.
Banquet Times.—Mr. Jas. McAlpine
killed a puff adder one day last week.
This is a species of snake very rarely
seen in these parts.

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Hymeneal.

On Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, at 5 a.m. a
very quiet house wedding occurred,
when Miss Blanche Wescott and Mr.
Hugh C. Viggins, of Marmora, were
united in the holy bonds of matrimony.
The ceremony was performed by Rev.
J. C. Bell, of Stirling, at the residence
of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frank Scott,
Sidney.

The bridal pair entered the drawing
room to the strains of the wedding
march played by Miss Diamond, niece
of the bridegroom. Immediately after
the ceremony all repaired to the dining
room, where a dainty breakfast was
served.

The bride, who was unattended, was
handsomely attired in a fawn cloth
travelling costume trimmed with white
satin and chiffon and fawn applique.
She carried a shower bouquet of white
carnations.

The bridegroom's gift to the bride
was a beautiful crescent set with pearls.
The esteem in which both are held was
shown by the abundance and costliness
of the gifts. They departed on the
early train for Toronto, Niagara, and
other points, and on their return will
reside in Marmora.

Halloway.

From Our Own Correspondent.
Mr. Wm. J. Allen, ex-M. P. P., of
Madoc, spent a few days last week vis-
iting relatives here.

Mr. J. C. Dafeo and wife spent last
week with relatives in Rochester.
A fruit social in aid of the Sabbath
School will be given at the church on
Thursday evening.

Mr. Jas. Elliot had the misfortune to
lose a horse on Saturday night last.

Chatterbox Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.
Lithgow is in Toronto this week pick-
ing out a new grinder for his mill. He
is bound to be in the procession and
pretty close to the drum major, even if
he has to wear his old clothes to do it.

This is getting to be quite a coon
town. There were three caught out in
the suburbs last week, and the boys are
after them nearly every night.

And now the farmer is in a quandary
to know what to do with his fall apples.
The best of them are only worth 40c. per
hundred lbs.

Glen Ross.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. Catherine Delong and Mrs. Lu-
cinda Hilton of Syracuse are visiting
friends in this locality.

Mr. W. A. McKee and Miss Retta
Edwards have gone to Toronto.

Miss Lena Wagat and Miss Eliza
Galt of Parma, are the guests of Mrs.
Wagar.

Mr. Robert Armstrong is attending
the Toronto fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wade of Bright-
on were the guests of her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Mark Anderson on Sunday
last.

Miss Lizzie McLaughlin is attending
the Model School at Madoc.

Spring Brook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Farmers are about through gathering
the most bountiful crops for many sea-
sons.

T. J. Thompson is operating the el-
evator again this year.

John Read, aged forty-seven, died
last Sunday night after a brief but pain-
ful illness.

J. T. Sullivan, who had been suffering
for the past six months from rheumatism
and dropsy, died suddenly last Tuesday
morning, Sept. 2nd, aged seventy.

We have a dim recollection of reading
somewhere about a class of people that
will not go into the kingdom of Heaven
themselves nor suffer others to go in
that would; but in a certain church
that we could name they do things the
other way round,—they neither go out
themselves nor suffer others to pass out
after the service is over.

Belleville lock factory now has about
forty employees, and twenty more are
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Banquet Times.—Mr. Jas. McAlpine
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"Sterling Hall."

Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

LADIES' EXHIBITION NEEDS.

If contemplating a visit to any of the Fall Fairs, "take time by the fore-
lock" and buy your requirements now. Nowhere will you be better served
with select new goods, at most reasonable prices, than at "Sterling Hall."

LATE ARRIVALS.

Priestley's Waterproof Cravettes, in Black, Navy, Fawn and Grey, for
Waterproofs and Skirts.
Priestley's Serges, Cheviots, Venetians and Broadcloths for Skirts and
Dresses.

Friezes, Homespuns, Tweeds and Mixtures at popular prices.
RIBBONS—All shades and widths in Silk and Satin Ribbons for Neck-
wear and Trimming.

Velvet Ribbons, the popular widths in wove edge and satin back.
BLOUSE GOODS in Printed Cashmeres, Flannels and Cashmerettes at
15c. to 60c.

OUTFITTING FOR THE WESTERN HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

This department receives special attention here and is now complete in
every requirement necessary to ensure comfort against the chilly evenings of
the western plains.

Outfitting Offerings.

Men's heavy serviceable Tweed Suits, \$3.50 to \$5.00.
" " Shirts and Drawers, 25c. each.
" " Wool Shirts and Drawers, 50c. worth 75c.
" " Wool Fleece Shirts and Drawers, 50c. worth 75c.
" " Work Shirts at 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.
" " Heavy Frieze Reefers, special at \$3.00.
" " Wool Sox, 2 pairs for 25c. Heavy Tweed Pants for \$1.00.
" " Smocks at 50c., 60c., 75c., 90c. and \$1.00.
" " Overalls at 40, 50, 65, 75c. and \$1.00. Work Pants, 75c. and \$1.
Knitted Top Shirts, special values at 40c., 50c. and 75c.
200 pairs Cotton and Wool Blankets at 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2,
\$2.50.

GROCERIES.

5 lbs. Mixed Sweet Biscuit for 25c. 6 lbs. Pearl Tapioca for 25c.
4 lbs. Choice Tea Siftings for 25c.

CROCKERY—To clear a line of Colored Plates, 25 dozen only to offer,
your choice of patterns, Breakfast size, regular \$1.00 for 75c. doz.; Tea size,
regular 85c. for 65c. doz.

Butter, in tubs, crocks and rolls, at 15c. to 20c. lb.

W. R. MATHER.

..SCHOOL SHOES..

It will soon be time to think about Shoes for School. We have looked into
the matter carefully. Every manufacturer has been given a chance to show his
line, and we have selected the best there is to be found. If any dealer offers
School Shoes as good as ours and for less money he will have to either beg,
borrow or steal the goods. You can save your money and at the same time keep
your Children's feet looking respectable. We invite you in to inspect our goods.

Prices for Button or Lace Boots, 75c. to \$1.40.

Ladies wear the EMPRESS Shoe. They are here to stay. Our sales are in-
creasing daily. These are made by the Walker Parker Co., Toronto, the largest
factory in Canada making Women's Fine Shoes, exclusively. Highest class
workmanship only employed. See that your shoes are stamped "The Empress."
We are sole agents for Stirling.

Leave your order now for a pair of Hand Made Boots. We need not tell you
our Hand-Made Boots are the best, you know it.

BRUSHOLA leads everything in the Shoe Dressing line.

J. W. BROWN,

Eggs taken in exchange. RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

It is reported at Ottawa that Thanks-
giving Day this year may be fixed for
October 23.

Mr. J. M. Roberts of Smith township
and his two sons were drowned while
canoeing in Chemong Lake.

GIRL WANTED
To do general house work in a family of
four. Washing put out. Apply to
MRS. JONES,
Drawer 1014, Peterboro, P. O.

LOST
Between Board's and Stirling, a Lady's
open face Gold Watch and chain. The
finder will please notify
MRS. C. E. PINEO.

CIDER.
Bring your apples to the undersigned at
River Valley Mill, for sale or good cider.
Making every day. Price for making one
cent per gallon.
L. DESCENT.

FARM FOR SALE
The subscriber offers for sale his farm
consisting of Lot 23, and parts of 24 and 25
in the 1st Con. of Seymour, containing 400
acres, more or less. Good brick house,
barns and other outbuildings. Well wa-
tered, by spring creeks and the river Trent.
One of the best dairy farms in Ontario.
Will sell stock and implements with the
farm if desired. For terms and further
particulars apply to

JOSEPH DUNKLEY,
Board's Station.

FOR SALE.
A first-class THRESHING HIG, includ-
ing Traction Engine, Separator, Waggon
Tank and syphon, for sale or to rent.
Ready to go on the road at once. Apply
to
JOHN SHAW, or
J. EARL HALLIWELL,
Stirling.

Spring Brook Cider Mill
is now open for business. Satisfaction
guaranteed. Cider and cider vinegar
always on hand. Will use my own
team on the power.
J. WILSON, Prop.

Good Dairy Farm for Sale.
One of the best in this section of the
County, beautifully situated one-half mile
from Stirling, on the Frankford road, in
the 9th concession of Sidney. Contains
212 acres, well fenced, and in fine state of
cultivation; well adapted for dairying and
hog raising. Has on the premises a good
cheese factory, a fine young orchard, 20
acres of heavy timber wood land contain-
ing a sugar bush of 400 trees. Has good
farm buildings, large house with cistern
inside, and well outside the door, barn
45 x 70 feet with well in basement, stables,
silo, hay barn, drive house, sheds, hog
pens, and machine house. Rawdon Creek
runs through the premises. Price \$10,000.
Also, if desired, 50 head of cattle, 8
horses, and all farming implements.

This farm was formerly known as the
Annesby or Rupert farm.
For further particulars apply on the
premises to
MICHAEL & GEO. SHEA,
Owners.

Edward Eggleston, author of "The
Homeschoolmaster," is dead.

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FALL Millinery Opening

Wednesday and Thursday,
SEPT. 17th and 18th
AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

A full line of Ready-to-Wears, Trimmed Hats
and all the Latest Novelties in Millinery.

C. F. STICKLE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA, (Formerly The ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.)

By
Way
of
Con-
trast

Death rate per \$1,000 of mean insurance in force, 1901—	
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average.....	\$7.90
In The Mutual Life of Canada.....	\$6.86
Expense rate per \$1,000 of total income, 1901—	
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average.....	\$36.20
In The Mutual Life of Canada.....	\$16.88
Combined Death and Expense rate per \$1,000, 1901—	
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average.....	\$22.70
In The Mutual Life of Canada.....	\$13.91

From the above figures intending insureds will see where
their interests will be best served.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING

.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes,
Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low
rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 9.—Wheat—Market continues dull and weak. Local dealers quote sound new red and white 60-lb wheat at 67½c to 68½c east and middle freights. It sold today at 68c east. Goose is nominally unchanged at 67c for No. 2 east and west. Manitoba wheat is ½c lower at 80c for No. 1 hard, 83½c for No. 1 northern, and 82½c for No. 2 northern, grinding in transit.

Flour—Is dull and steady. Cars of Ontario 90 per cent. patents are quoted at \$3.75 to \$2.70 in bulk and ½c bags for car lots middle freights. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at \$3.90 to \$4.10 for cars of Ontario 90 per cent. patents and \$3.80 for strong bakers in car lots, bags included, on the track Toronto.

Milled—The market is weaker and quotations are 50c lower at \$1.75 for bulk of shorts and \$1.70 for bulk of Manitoba milled are unchanged at \$2.35 for cars of shorts and \$1.70 for bulk, sacks included, Toronto freights, but the market has a easy tone.

Barley—Is nominally steady at 88c for cars of No. 3 and 40c for No. 3 extra middle freights or low freights to New York.

Rye—Is firmer at 48½c to 49c low freights to New York or middle freights, shipment first half September.

Corn—Is easy. Canada sells at 62c west. American No. 3 yellow is quoted at 68½c on the track Toronto.

Oats—Are dull and lower, offering freely at 29c to 30c for new white low freights to New York and middle freights.

Peanut—Are dull at 74c for new and 76c for old No. 2 prompt shipments east and middle freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Market fairly active, with moderate inquiry. Only the best lots sell readily. Prices are steady and unchanged.

Creamery, prints, 19c to 20c do solids, fresh made, 18c to 18½c do earlier make, 17c to 18c Dairy tubs and pails, choice, 15c to 16c do medium, 12½c to 14c do common, 11½c to 12c do pound rolls, 15c to 16c do medium, 13c to 14c Eggs—Selects are steady at 15 to 16c. Chips and seconds are slow at 10 to 11c.

Potatoes—Trade is quieter, with no change in prices. Potatoes out of store are selling at 35c to 40c per bushel.

Poultry—Quotations hold steady at 55 to 70c for dressed chickens, and 55 to 70c for ducks. Live birds sell at about 10c less. Turkeys are nominal at 11c to 12c.

Beans—New York, Sept. 9.—Peanut beans are quiet at \$1.95 per bushel for the best, 20c to good sold at \$1.45 to \$1.50.

Baled Hay—Offerings are large and trade is fairly good. Prices are unchanged at \$8 per ton for car lots on track Toronto.

Baled Straw—Very little is offering and there is little or no demand. Prices are nominal at \$3.50 per ton for car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Market is quiet and movement is small. Stocks are dwindling and values are firmly maintained.

Pork—Canada, 15c to 16c, 24c; heavy mess, \$20.50; clear shoulder mess, \$18.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear ham, 11c; hams, 13½c to 14c; rolls, 12c to 12½c; shoulders, 11½c; hams, 15c to 16c; breakfast bacon, 14½c to 15c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 10c less than smoked.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 9.—Receipts to-day were 80 carloads, including 1,227 cattle, 2,000 sheep and lambs, 800 hogs, 50 calves and 15 milch cows. Prices for cattle were about maintained, the quality was generally none too good, and business was dull.

There was a small supply of both export and butcher cattle, and for this class there was a brisk demand but all other cows were slow; lambs were weaker; hogs were unchanged. The price of export cattle was unchanged at from 5 to 5½c per lb., and for light shippers from 4½ to 5c. Several lots of cattle were bought to fill up space, or would have had a poorer market. We had too much poor butcher cattle here to-day, and for any but the best prices were off. For good to choice the price ranged from 4 to 5c per lb. All the stuff here was sold. For feeders and stockers there was a moderate enquiry at prices which are practically unchanged.

Lambs, ewes, and bucks are all lower. Export ewes are worth from \$8.20 to \$8.50 per cwt. Lambs sold at from \$8.75 to \$4 per cwt. Cull sheep sell at from \$2 to \$3 per cwt. Bucks are worth from \$2.25 to \$2.50 per cwt.

Calves are quoted from \$2 to \$10 each, or from 3 to 5½c per lb. Good veal calves are scarce and badly wanted.

Hogs are unchanged, but there is a strong downward tendency. The top price for choice hogs is \$25 per cwt., and light and fat hogs are quoted at 87 per cwt. Hogs to fatten the top price must be of prime above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations: Cattle, No. 1, light, 5.50 to 5.75; No. 2, light, 5.00 to 5.25; No. 3, light, 4.50 to 4.75; No. 4, light, 4.00 to 4.25; No. 5, light, 3.50 to 3.75; No. 6, light, 3.00 to 3.25; No. 7, light, 2.50 to 2.75; No. 8, light, 2.00 to 2.25; No. 9, light, 1.50 to 1.75; No. 10, light, 1.00 to 1.25; No. 11, light, .75 to .90; No. 12, light, .50 to .60; No. 13, light, .25 to .35; No. 14, light, .10 to .15; No. 15, light, .05 to .10; No. 16, light, .02 to .03; No. 17, light, .01 to .02; No. 18, light, .00 to .01; No. 19, light, .00 to .01; No. 20, light, .00 to .01; No. 21, light, .00 to .01; No. 22, light, .00 to .01; No. 23, light, .00 to .01; No. 24, light, .00 to .01; No. 25, light, .00 to .01; No. 26, light, .00 to .01; No. 27, light, .00 to .01; No. 28, light, .00 to .01; No. 29, light, .00 to .01; No. 30, light, .00 to .01; No. 31, light, .00 to .01; No. 32, light, .00 to .01; No. 33, light, .00 to .01; No. 34, light, .00 to .01; No. 35, light, .00 to .01; 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The attendance at Toronto Fair during the first week was much larger than in any previous year, and on Monday last 62,500 paid admission.

The Methodist General Conference is now in session at Winnipeg. Rev. Dr. Carman, the General Superintendent, in his opening address, gave some interesting statistics. The total membership is 291,893; ministers 1,892; total value of church property \$10,892,438; total church and parsonage debts, \$2,520,230; number of churches, 3,413; number of Sabbath schools, 3,425.

The great referendum campaign is now inaugurated in Ontario. The liquor men are fully mobilized and the temperance men are trying to rally their forces. No question as to the good faith or fairness of the terms of the referendum is now in order. That was dealt with at election time and can be again. It is enough that the object for which so many thousands have longed and prayed is offered on certain conditions and that it will become law. Even if this definite result was not assured it would be sufficient that every vote cast for prohibition will count one for it with for any possible government, and this and every vote not cast for it will count one against it with this and every possible government. A principal obstacle in the way of any reform is inertia—the difficulty of getting into motion. There are thousands of good people in Ontario who have all their lives deplored the liquor traffic, some of them having reassembled of their own for feeling very keenly about it, and who have always favored prohibition, and when the campaign is over will think of many things they might have done but did not think of. Ministers who are solid with the cause and who at a temperance gathering would be all alive will, in the jog trot of their ministrations, if we may make bold so to speak of these, actually forget to pray for the deliverance of the land from its greatest curse. They are ready to do anything and everything for temperance, but unless brought to the point by some such trumpet appeal as that sent forth by the Dominion Alliance will preach about everything but the duty of a nation towards its besetting sin, and the duty of all Christians to be personally free from responsibility for customs which exercise despotic bondage over so many. There is one form of inactivity in this connection, and that is in every Christian congregation, no matter what views some of its members take of the referendum, can render at the present time eminent service in the cause of temperance, and that is by joining in the pledge-signing campaign inaugurated by the Alliance. Let them get every possible name enrolled against the chief enemy of their country.—Witness.

Government Ownership.

Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General, has returned home after his trip to Great Britain. In an interview which has been published he said that not only ought the government to own the telegraph lines and the railroads, but every concern or corporation which requires a franchise should be run by the government.

When asked whether this was not a step toward Socialism, his reply was: "Well, what is the matter with Socialism, if it is on a good foundation?" He admitted however, that he did not bring up the question of government ownership at the recent colonial conference.

"Some of the advantages of government ownership of the telegraph lines are, in the first place, that it insures secrecy, and unless there is such ownership there is no pledge that messages given to companies will be secret; again, under a government ownership there is always a cheaper service, which is an advantage to the people.

"In the matter of railroads there are the same advantages of a cheaper rate and a good service. Look at the matter in another light. What right has a railroad to hold a town or village at its mercy by saying that the line shall not run through that place or make it accessible unless the officials of that road are satisfied or so desire?"

"Certainly government ownership means an end to those conditions and a betterment of the service. If the government owns a railroad there is an end to discrimination either in the matter of where a road shall run, how it shall run or as to rates and tariffs.

"Matters at the present day are looking toward government ownership, and I believe there is a time coming when there will be complete government ownership."

The World's Grain Yield.

The Hungarian Minister of Agriculture estimates the world's yield of grain this year as follows:—

	Bushels.
Wheat	2,905,320,000
Oats	3,094,720,000
Corn	2,973,480,000
Rye	1,579,040,000
Barley	1,141,680,000

The European wheat crop is estimated to give an increase of 139,120,000 bushels over the crop of 1901. A decrease of 109,390,000 bushels is expected in the European corn crop.

The wheat crop of the United States is estimated at 616,100,000 bushels, with a surplus of 210,160,000 bushels.

The Canadian wheat crop is estimated at 92,720,000 bushels, with a surplus of 29,920,000 bushels.

Liquor in Compressed Tablets.

An organization to be known as the Compressed Spirits Company, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, is being formed at Binghamton, N.Y. C. Z. Protzman, an hotel proprietor of Cincinnati, is president, and the stockholders include financiers in New York and Baltimore. The factory will turn out whiskey and wine in compressed tablets, making it possible for the business man to carry a good-sized jug in his vest pocket. The discovery was made by Charles Obendaugh, of Binghamton. The work of establishing the plant will begin at once, and drinks in a compressed form will be on the market before Christmas.

South African War.

An interesting parliamentary paper, giving a return of the military forces employed in South Africa from the beginning to the end of the late war, has been issued. The garrison on Aug. 1, 1899, consisted of 818 officers and 9,622 men; reinforcements sent between then and the outbreak of hostilities on Oct. 11, 1899, totalled 12,546. Thereafter the troops sent up to May 31, 1902, reached the great total of 386,081, besides 52,414 men raised in South Africa. The final casualty figures are: Killed, 5,774; wounded, 23,029; died of wounds or disease, 16,108.

The *Moira* correspondent of the *Tweed News* writes: The present is perhaps the best and most abundant harvest that has ever been gathered in this locality. A number of our farmers have cut over one hundred tons of hay, and crops of fifty tons or more are common. Some of the best fields averaged as high as four tons to the acre. The quality is for the most part good, though the rains in the first part of July did some damage to the first cutting. All kinds of grain are turning out enormously and in some cases the stated yield is so great as to almost exceed belief. The cold wet weather has not been favorable for the growth of corn and that crop will be a partial failure. Some fine fields of potatoes have lately been struck by blight and the rot has also appeared. It cannot yet be stated how extensive will be the damage caused by these two diseases but it is already certain that the yield will be very materially decreased. The root crops never looked better, but apples will scarcely be up to the average and the quality is poor.

The potato crop in the vicinity of Kingston is reported to be a failure.

Earthquakes are reported from India and southern France, and Vesuvius is active.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has gone to Switzerland, and Mr. Fielding has left Paris for London.

Anarchists in Spain celebrated the anniversary of the assassination of President McKinley.

Special rates of postage to Yukon and Alaska districts have been abolished, and the rate hereafter will be the same as for the rest of the Dominion.

Official reports of the potato crop in New York State show that one-half the crop is ruined as the result of blight. The wet weather is held responsible for the result.

Quarantine.

Quarantine was first established against infectious diseases in the tenth century.

When Styles Ran Riot.

During the reign of Elizabeth English dukes wore shoes three feet in length, the toe pointed and fastened up to the garter with golden chains, to which little bells were attached.

Boiling Macaroni.

An authority says that in boiling macaroni it is fatal to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the saucepan at the boiling point when the sticks are added, and when they are tender throw in a glass of cold water to stop the cooking suddenly, and drain at once.

The Dragon Fly's Eye.

If you had as many lenses in each eye as the common dragon fly has, each of your organs of sight would be as big as a box car.

A Clock of Bread.

Milna has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India and devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of a good size and goes well.

Granite.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bedrock of the world and shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is the parent rock from which all the rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

Bombast.

Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

A Natural Icehouse.

There is a point near the famous Stony cove, in the Catskill mountains, where ice may be found on any day in the year. This locality is locally known as the Notch and is walled in on all sides by steep mountains, some of which are more than 3,000 feet high.

Butterfly Day.

The ancient custom of "butterfly day" is annually celebrated at Thaxted, England. This strange festival derives its title from the fact that the inhabitants of the place annually on that day don new clothing and vie with each other as to the gaudiness of their garments. Eating, speechmaking and so on enter largely into the proceedings.

The Du Ponts of Powder Fame.

The Du Ponts own powder mills in all parts of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Among the Du Ponts themselves there is a process of selection for those who are to have to do with the powder works. The youngsters are watched, and when one shows nervousness in the face of danger he is placed somewhere else than in the powder mills. The rule is that a Du Pont in person shall always lead whenever there is imminent danger. A number of Du Ponts first and last—and some of them important ones—have been killed under this rule, and there repeatedly have been heroic escapes from death through this disregard of the fear of it.

The family rule is a despotism, and a very strict one. The family always has a head, and what this head or chief says the other members of the family do. This headship does not necessarily descend from father to son, even when there are sons. Sometimes it goes from uncle to nephew, the main point being to secure a Du Pont thoroughly competent to manage the business affairs of the family.

The Professor, the Lady and the Cow.

It is told of a certain professor whose absentmindedness about equaled his learning that he was one day, crossing the college campus, absorbed to such a degree in a book of his that had just been published that he was lost to everything else. Suddenly he bumped up against an object, and looking up he saw that he had collided with a cow that had rudely strayed in his way. "Get out of the way, you cow!" he exclaimed irritably, prefixing an impolite adjective to "cow."

The next day as the professor was again crossing the campus, immersed in his reading, he again ran into an object. "Oh, that confounded cow!" he exclaimed. Then, hearing an indignant "Sir!" he looked up hastily to discover that this time he had come up against the wife of a fellow professor. He hardly made matters better to assure her that he had taken her for a cow, and it required the good offices of the entire faculty to restore an era of good feeling.

A Ludicrous Word Twister.

Professor William Archibald Spooner of Oxford university has become famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, sew these ladies into their sheets." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied, "Pigs, fleas." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife: Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said, "Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come in and make tea?" The professor, on finding the young lady, said, "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."

A Soft Answer.

Dibbs (rather shortsighted, overtaking total stranger and slapping him on back from behind)—Hello, old fellow! How are you? So glad to see you again. Who'd have thought of meet—Stranger—Confound you, sir! How dare you strike me in the back—guardian manner? You ought to be more careful that you've got the right person.

Dibbs—Really, sir, I must apologize, but I took you for the Earl of—. The likeness is really won—Stranger (greatly mollified)—Say no more, sir, I entreat. I quite see how the mistake occurred. Magnificent weather, isn't it? Good morning to you; good morning.

Took It Calmly.

A Baltimore physician was once called hurriedly to see the sick child of colored parents in the vicinity and perceived at the first glance that the infant had but a few hours to live. Expecting an outburst of anguish, he broke the truth as gently as possible to the child's mother and was met with the sterling rejoinder, "That's all right, doctor; there's plenty of room for him up yonder, but we're dreadful scrouged down here."

She Was Master.

Father (left in charge)—No, you cannot have any more cake. (Very seriously) Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?

Little Girl (sobbing)—Yes. Father—Well, what is that?

Little Girl—Give me some more cake! And she was quite right.

Hurray!

"Hurray!" It used to be "Hurray!" and the cry is as old as England. It is the battery of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Hur, ale!" was their warcry, which means, "Thor, aid!" an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

Left Helpless.

Mrs. Brown—So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake?

Mrs. Black—Absolutely for nothing. Mrs. Brown—Oh, that's it. I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.

Often the Method of Treatment.

An old negro preacher divided his sermon into two parts—first, all do things in the text, and, second, all do things not in text, and, brethren, we'll wrestle wild de second part first."

Rice is the emblem of fertility, and the custom of throwing it after a bride couple arose from a wish that they might be blessed with a large family.

Black Goods Sale.

Write us for samples of these. 23 different patterns Priestley's Black Dress Goods consisting of fashionable plain weaves, small figures and stripes. These are desirable goods and were originally 50c. to \$1.00 per yard, while they last these at 48c. yard.

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54 inch good quality Grey Cheviot, makes the very nicest suits and skirts, 60c.

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The designs and materials were never prettier than in our New Suits, fit and finish are almost perfect, the range of prices is great enough to suit all, and to those purchasing here we guarantee perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Two-piece Suit of Grey Homespun, 7 gore flare, skirt lined with good black silesia, velvet binding, Eton jacket with fancy collar and lapels, lined with good quality black mercerized saaten, a very stylish and serviceable suit, \$8.50.

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BELLEVILLE.

The evil thought which you entertained for a moment has left a disgraceful stain on the whiteness of your soul. Whoever in the pursuit of pleasure seeks to evade a present duty is simply adding to the weight of his future burdens.

There is both folly and weakness in those who love and seek after pleasure, for it cannot satisfy the soul nor give the heart repose.

A woman is never so proud as when praise of her new hat leads her to confess that it is an old one she trimmed over.

Some men succeed in hoodwinking and deceiving themselves, and some even seem to suppose that they can deceive Almighty God.

The best repentance is not that which weeps over yesterday's sins, but that which avoids them to-day.

Voters' List Court

Notice is hereby given that a Court will be held, pursuant to The Ontario Voters' List Act, by His Honor, the Judge of the Court of Hastings, at the Town Hall, in the Village of Stirling, on

SATURDAY, the 27th day of SEPTEMBER, 1902, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the municipality of Stirling for 1902.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the time and place.

JOHN S. BLACK,
Clerk of the Village of Stirling.
Dated Sept. 8th, 1902.

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HEAGLE, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, chapter 129, section 38, and amending acts, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of Wm. Heagle, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, deceased, who died on or about the 4th day of August, A.D. 1902, to send by post, prepaid, or otherwise deliver to David Lovett Heagle, Harold post office or his solicitor, G. G. Thrasher, at heron, on or before the 4th day of October, A.D. 1902, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and demands, proven by affidavit, and the nature of their security (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the date mentioned, the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been given as required.

Done at Stirling, this 30th day of August, A.D. 1902.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executor.

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Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

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THE KING WHO WAS A PAUPER

By Frances Wilson

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The king was in his counting house, but he was not counting out his money. He left such details as that to the henchmen who sat in the large outer office under the soft radiance of green shaded electric lights, adding up columns in a perfunctory manner and dreaming, to a man, of what they would do if they were king.

A modest door, upon the glass of which was inscribed in small, neat letters "Mr. Allison," led into the king's private room, where Turkish rugs smothered the floor and leather covered chairs were ranged along the wall. There was also a low, wide, cushioned sofa, and a large, comfortable-looking chair, and a small table with a lamp. The king, who had been told that the king of the world was a pauper, had been told that the king of the world was a pauper, and he had been told that the king of the world was a pauper.

The king was sitting at his desk, tracing with a lead pencil crude squares and rectangles on the pad before him. The buzz of Wall street, softened to a gentle murmur by the height, came in through the open windows, and a soft breeze fluttered the papers on his desk and filled the room with its freshness, just to let him know that it was April.

The breeze was damp and cool, as if it had blown across moist, earthly places where the violets were pushing upward instead of across acres of metal roof. It ruffled the king's thick hair as nonchalantly as if he had been a mere commoner and somehow set him to thinking of the queen.

He stopped making squares and rectangles and began to scribble something on the pad instead, something that would have made the clerks in the outer office open their eyes and stare in wonder could they have seen it, for it was quite sentimental and had nothing whatever to do with stocks and bonds.

Oh, faint, delicious springtime violet. Thine odor like a kiss. Turns noiselessly in memory's words To let a thought of sorrow free!

Indeed the king himself was agitated when he looked at what he had written, and he tore the sheet from the pad with a hurried, guilty air and crumpled and crushed it into a small wad before he threw it into the wastebasket. Then he took it out again and tore it into small pieces, a precaution which was entirely unnecessary, as no one had ever been able to read more than two consecutive words of the king's writing, and, besides, no one in the world would have believed him capable of quoting poetry.

He went back to his squares and rectangles again, his mind busy with the days before his millions had made him a serene highness. In those days, he remembered, he and the queen used to take long walks in the park when he could get away from the office in time. She called it their picture gallery and affected a fine scorn for the people who gushed over their Corots, Millets or Rousseaus, but gave never a thought to the real thing—the tender greens, the misty grays, the last flush of sun in the western sky, against which the trees stood out in velvety, mysterious darkness. "We get our beauty at first hand," she was wont to say gayly, "instead of on small pieces of canvas which reek of man instead of God." And they had gone their way through the soft April twilights or sensuous summer dusks, in love with life and the world.

But that was all very long ago. The king gave a weary little sigh as he realized how long. The queen—he liked to think of it all as hers—had "one of the finest private galleries in America" now, and she drove in the park on spring afternoons rather bored and disillusioned and certainly too busy in bowing to the occupants of other carriages to give much time to the beauty about her. It no longer gave her a thrill of delight to notice how the gray of the leafless trees sometimes melted into a pale amethyst nor did it touch her with a subtle sadness to watch the sunset through a network of bare branches. It is only the poor who have time to appreciate nature's free exhibitions.

Even kings have their bad quarter hours, though you couldn't make any of the clerks in the outer office believe it. In this particular case, for instance, not one of them divined that his majesty was sitting there in his luxurious private room longing for the old days before he was king, living over the days when he and the queen were first married—those exciting days when he could scarcely get home fast enough in his eagerness to tell her pearls that the time had come when she might afford the pale green carpet and mahogany furniture upholstered to match, which she had so long coveted for her little drawing room.

And the pink brocade hangings! The king smiled reminiscently as he thought of them, for they were a surprise. She never dreamed that they had reached that point of influence where they could afford them, and he had decided to surprise her with them. He could still see the shine in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks when they came home! The portrait painters should have done her then, the king thought disconsolately.

Well, the queen had her carriage now and a retinue of servants and Paris gown gowns, but none of those things had ever brought the light—her eyes that had shone there when the brocade

hangings came home. Life had given her all her wishes and flitted from her feet. It seemed rather tragic to the poor king at this moment that the very success to which she had been his chief inspiration had become the ocean upon which they were drifting apart; but like two ships when the cable that lashed them together had been sundered.

It was the price they paid for a lion's share of the world's money. There was something clumsy and unattractive about a six room apartment with one maid which a house of the king really did not know how many rooms and a host of servants could not possibly attain.

Then it comes about naturally enough that queens should breakfast in bed and that kings have their clubs and that both should feel obliged to respond to the thousand and one demands upon their time until they neglect each other from sheer weariness. If there had been boys and girls about the great house, the king told himself with a sore sense of desolation about his heart, things might have been different.

He took out his watch. It was just 4 o'clock.

"Call up my house," was the brief command to the boy who appeared in response to his ring, "and ask for Mrs. Allison."

They would go for a walk in the park once more, he and the queen, and revive the old times before they were rich and stupid. And he would tell her how he felt as a boy at the thought—how the breeze had suddenly set him to thinking of her and the old days and he had found himself scribbling that favorite verse of hers, did she remember, "Oh, faint, delicious springtime violet!"

The tinkle of the telephone bell at his side interrupted him.

"An engagement at 5? Can't you break it?" The king's voice was full of disappointment and appeal, and the queen, who stood serene and beautiful at the other end of the wire, wondered languidly what was the matter. "Very well. I may not be home for dinner. Sorry you couldn't go." And the king hung up the receiver with an odd sense of loneliness and failure.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang, picked up his gloves and strode out, followed by a dozen pairs of envious eyes, and all the time he was asking himself bitterly what it profits a man if he gains the whole world and loses the sweetest thing in life—the soul to soul companionship which made the old life dear.

"After all," mused the assistant stenographer as the click of the elevator door announced that he was really gone, "I sometimes imagine that the king isn't quite happy." And then she rested her tired head upon her hand and tried to wonder what it would be like to have plenty of money.

Changed Her Name.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers, a widower, to consult him on a matter of interest to her. "You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped it with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call a dead poll to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.

Hard on the Absent.

Flowery Young Clergyman (conducting a children's service while occupying a pulpit for a brother clergyman en route to Europe)—Well, children, I am very glad to be able to address you today. I'd a great deal rather talk to you children than to the older people, for I love children. But instead of talking to you I want to talk with you. So when I ask any questions, you may answer promptly. Now, children, what have we to be thankful for today?

Children—Flowers, birds, sunlight, church, school, homes.

Young Clergyman—All very well, children, very well. But whom do we miss today?

Children (viva voce)—Mr. Twitcheil.

Young Clergyman—Quite right, children, quite right. We all miss Mr. Twitcheil. Who can tell me where he is today?

Children—On the ocean.

Young Clergyman (poetically)—Yes, children, on the ocean and half seas over.

A Man and His Pension.

Mr. Ware, the commissioner of pensions, received a letter from a man in Illinois a few days ago which reads:

"I am now getting a pension of \$30 a month. Recently the Lord has prospered me, and I do not think I should get so much money. I gave my services to the country, and I think I should have some pension, of course, but I think \$30 a month is too much. Is there any way I can have my pension reduced or suspended? I enjoy the prosperity that is mine at present."

This is the only request for a reduction of pension ever received by the bureau. It was referred to the pension examiner in the district in which the man lived, who reported as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that the person who applied for a reduction in his pension is now in the insane asylum at this place and has been for some time."

Bellefs About the Rainbow.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump, or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe." In nearly all the Slavonic dialects it is known by terms signifying "the cloud siphon," "Szech's pump," and "God's pump."

The Malayans call it by the same name that they do their hand-drawn water cobra (metcha), only that they add "bobo" (meaning double headed), the equivalent in our language being the "double-headed water snake." They tell you that the bow is a real thing of life, that it drinks with its two mouths and that the water is transferred to the clouds through an opening in the upper side of the center of the great arch.

In the province of Charkov, Russia, the rainbow is said to drain the wells, and to prevent this many are provided with heavy, tight fitting stone platforms. In the province of Saratov the bow is said to be under control of three angels, one of whom pumps the water, the second "feeds" the clouds and the third sends the rain.

Man, Woman and Love.

In one of his books Max O'Rell, the witty Frenchman, gives the following advice:

"If you are bald, never make love to a woman taller than you. Looked at from below, you are all right."

"Never let your ladylove see you without a collar; no—not even the very wife of your bosom. A man's head without a collar is like a bouquet without a holder."

"Never marry a woman richer than you, one taller than you, or one older than you. Be always gently superior to your wife in fortune, in size and in age, so that in every possible way she may appeal to you for help or protection, either through your purse, your strength or your experience in life. Marry her at an age that will always enable you to play with her, all the different characteristic parts of a husband—a chum, a lover, an adviser, a protector and just a tiny suspicion of a father."

Stories of London Weather.

The Manchester Guardian tells a good story of the weather. The scene was a Strand omnibus. A London sky was overhead, the rain poured down uncompromisingly, mud was under foot. A red capped Parsee, who had been sitting near the dripping door, got down as the conductor came up. "What sort of chap is that?" asked the driver. "Don't you know that?" answered the conductor. "Why, that's one of them Indians that worship the sun!" "Worship the sun?" said the shivering driver. "I suppose 'e's come over 'ere to 'ave a rest!"

This recalls the reply given on one occasion by an eastern potentate to Queen Victoria, who asked him whether his people did not worship the sun. "Yes, your majesty," said the oriental, "and if you saw him you would worship him also."

A Most Wonderful Feat.

William Lyon, a London actor of the latter part of the eighteenth century, once offered to wager that he could repeat every word in a Daily Advertiser at the next morning's rehearsal. Accordingly, the next morning, his opponent ridiculed him for trampling upon his feats of memory. Lyon forthwith handed the paper to a judge agreed upon, and notwithstanding the want of connection between the news items, editorials, stories and advertisements, he repeated every word of the entire paper from beginning to end without the least hesitation or mistake.

A Cheap Pleasure.

Seedy Individual—I would like to get measured for a suit.

Fashionable Tailor (suspiciously)—At about what price, sir?

Seedy Individual—That makes no difference.

Fashionable Tailor (as before)—We generally require a deposit from unknown parties.

Seedy Individual (easily)—I do not wish you to make the suit. It has been so long since I enjoyed this experience that I simply wish to get measured.

Wifely Appreciation.

"There's one thing I will say about 'Charley,'" said young Mrs. Todkins, "he has a lovely disposition even if he doesn't always display it at home."

"I love to see you know?"

"I heard some of his Wall street friends talking about him. They say he is a perfect lamb."

Rest.

When a razor refuses to take an edge, the barber stops fussing with it, lays it away, and in a little while, no one knows just how, the edge returns. If we treated our brains and our bodies that way instead of wearing them out on the grindstone, it would be a good deal more sensible.

An Impression.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

Painfully Honest.

Prude—Well, why did you refuse him after you had taken him away from the girl he was engaged to?

Flirt—Oh, I haven't quite reached the point when I will receive stolen goods.

The rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose today.

The Mokshine.

The Japanese mokshine is a xylophone of sixteen wooden keys, and it is beaten with two drumsticks.

Warlike Chinese.

The Chinese are commonly supposed to be peace loving and harmless. The Zeitschrift fur Missionskunde, however, declares that China is the greatest warlike nation in Asia and that they are in warfare worse than the Huns.

Alaska Salmon.

There are seven species of salmon in the Taku river, Alaska. Each has its date of arrival from the sea at the spawning grounds.

Beethoven and the Mandolin.

That so great a musical genius as Beethoven wrote several pieces for the mandolin seems to be a great source of pride to the lovers of this instrument. They are also fond of recalling the fact that Mozart indicated the mandolin in the score of "Don Giovanni" in his famous serenade.

Shakespeare.

Among the odd ways Shakespeare's name used to be spelled are Shakspeare, Shaksper, Shaxper, Shexspere, Shaker and Shaxsper.

Insanity.

A medical expert says that notwithstanding the great improvements made within the last thirty years in the treatment of the insane no more people are now discharged cured from asylums than formerly.

Whetstones.

In the United States rocks suitable for making whetstones are found in nearly all the states east of the Mississippi and in a number of those to the west of that river, but the supply is obtained from Arkansas, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Vermont and New Hampshire.

Boiling Water.

Use boiling water as soon as it boils or the gases escape and the water becomes flat.

Roman Charms.

Even the Romans were not without their charms. They hung little cases around the neck which contained a charm, generals not disdaining the same. Augustus thought it would bring him good luck to wear a piece of the sea calf and therefore never went without this talisman.

Hudson Bay.

Hudson bay is 1,100 miles in length and covers an area of 350,000 square miles.

The Horn of Ripon.

Ripon, Yorkshire, England, keeps up a custom 1,000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."

The Greenroom.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was customary to strew green rushes on the uncarpeted floor of the actors' retiring room in theaters; hence the term greenroom. Subsequently it was used to decorate the walls with green paper, and sometimes the rushes gave way to a carpet of green baize.

The Longest Verse.

The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelation contains more words than any other verse in the New Testament—sixty-eight.

Well Tattooed.

Tattooed on the body of a man who lost his life in the southwest India docks were a crucifix, elephant, tombstone, dog, eagle, figures of Punch and Judy, cross flags and the word "Love" in large letters.

A Nasty Escort.

The Abyssinian warlords always honor their king by a band escort of forty-five trumpets wherever he goes.

Soldiers as Gymnasts.

Every Japanese barracks has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a four-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

Women's Masks.

In 1780 black masks were worn in public by ladies of all ranks. The mask was held in place by ribbons passed behind the ears or by a glass button held between the teeth.

Durton.

Robert Burton published the "Anatomy of Melancholy" at forty-five. It was written to relieve the strain of a mind bordering on insanity.

Toast.

Bread for toast should be stale, should not be cut too thick and should be before the fire long enough to get heated through before it begins to brown. Then let it take a rich creole complexion.

Fish Caught on the Premises.

In some of the big restaurants of Russia there is a pool of water in about a pattern of fish swim about. A patron of the restaurant who desires fish goes to the pool, points out the particular one he wishes, and in an instant the waiter has captured it with a dip net and sent it to the chef.

Smoked Salmon.

Salmon intended for smoking are first scrubbed and dried, after which they are hung up in the smokehouse, where a slow fire is kept burning. One week is required for the smoking process.

THE RED CAPE

By C. Langton Clarke

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"Such an infernal nuisance!" said Jack Somerville as he sat in his easy chair nursing a sprained ankle and scowling at his friend, Dick Callender. "What did you let go of the ladder for?"

"Sorry, old man," said the other; "but it was as much your fault as mine."

"And I had promised my aunt to meet a girl, a cousin of mine, who is coming to stay with her. It's nearly bedtime now. Look here! You will have to go instead of me."

"I?" cried Dick, aghast. "Why, I shouldn't know her if I saw her!"

"Neither should I," growled the other. "Haven't seen her for years; but she will be wearing a red cape, so my aunt says, and that ought to be enough to identify her—a tall, dark girl with a red cape. Now, don't stand gaping. You have no time to lose. Take her in a cab to my aunt's and then come back here."

He pulled out his watch again with an impatient gesture, and Dick, anxious to stone for his share in the accident, hurried away.

As he lounged about the platform waiting for the train to arrive he remembered that the young lady's name had not been mentioned, or, if it had, he had entirely forgotten it. "I'll stick to the red cape," he said to himself, "and I can't go far wrong."

When the train at last arrived, Dick moved slowly along the line of cars, keeping a watchful eye on the passengers as they alighted, and his vigilance was rewarded by the sight of a tall, dark young lady wearing a scarlet cape and carrying several parcels.

"I beg your pardon," Dick began, diffidently addressing her. "I have been commissioned to meet you and escort you to the house. Jack intended to come, but he has sprained his ankle."

The young lady looked greatly distressed. "Oh, I hope he is not much hurt!" she cried as she clasped her hands over her bundles. "Poor Jack! I suppose you are a great friend of his?"

"We are excellent friends," Dick replied. "My name is Richard Callender. It seems an absurd thing to say, but Jack quite forgot to mention your name to me."

"That's very odd," replied the girl. "And you say you are such a friend of his! My name is Mary Heatherstone. Do you mean to say you have never heard John speak of me?"

"Oh, of course! What a chump I am!" cried the young man, with the fatal readiness to avoid explanations which was one of his characteristics.

"Now, tell me all about Jack," Miss Heatherstone said after she had been comfortably established in a cab and the young man had seated himself by her side. "Does he seem quite happy?"

"First rate!" said Dick. "Particularly since he became engaged."

The young lady smiled and looked pleased. "He has had plenty of time to get used to that idea," she said.

"Oh, I don't know!" Dick replied. "Two weeks is not such a very long time, you know."

The smile faded from the girl's face. "Two weeks!" she cried. "Why, he has been engaged for two years!"

Dick laughed. "I suppose you are thinking of that other little affair," he said; "but, really, that never amounted to anything. This time it is for good and all. He met Gertie Gould for the first time two months ago, and it was all settled a fortnight ago at the tennis club ball. Good heavens! What's the matter?" The girl had caught him by the wrist, and her face was deadly pale.

"You are not deceiving me?" she cried. "No, I see that you are not. I must go home again. Tell the cabman to drive back to the station. Quick! Do as I tell you!"

She was fumbling with the handle of the door and was altogether in such an excited state that Dick, who was greatly taken aback to find himself face to face with a tragedy, complied with her instructions.

"Can I not help you in some way?" he said at last, being greatly moved by the sight of the girl's evident misery.

"What would you think," she asked, rousing herself, "of a man who would let the girl to whom he had left her home, all happiness, to be married to him, hear from the lips of a stranger that he had been false to his plighted word?"

"I should say that he was a cad!" replied Dick fiercely, and Miss Heatherstone smiled wanly through her tears at his vehemence.

As they were entering the vestibule of the railway station Dick felt his arm seized by his companion and, following the direction of her eyes, saw a young stranger of pleasing appearance approaching them.

"You will protect me from insult, won't you?" the girl asked breathlessly, and Dick felt that he would be quite equal to the occasion, though the other man said in the heaviest of heavy pounds.

The stranger advanced, smiling, until well within the range of Miss Heatherstone's stony gaze, when he stopped short, and his unattracted hand fell back to his side.

"Molly!" he said in great surprise. "What is the meaning of this velvet gown?"

"Let me pass," replied the girl in the tones of a tragedy queen. "I have discovered your perfidy, and I am going home!"

She pushed on, and the young man, who had at first showed signs of an intention to block her progress, fell back. "You are mad," he said, "and as for you, sir," addressing Dick, "I shall probably have a few words to say to you."

"When I have escorted this lady to the waiting room," replied Dick loftily, "I shall be happy to listen to anything you may have to say."

As soon as Dick and his charge had entered the waiting room, Miss Heatherstone turned to him. "How nobly you ignored your former friendship!" she said. "You spoke to him as if he were beneath your notice and a complete stranger."

"Why, so he is," replied Dick, considerably mystified. "I never saw the fellow before."

"Am I going crazy?" the girl cried, sinking into a chair. "Didn't you tell me that he sent you to meet me; that he had sprained his ankle? A nice excuse, indeed!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Dick, bewildered. "Of Jack?"

"Yes! Yes! That man! Jack—my Jack!"

"But that isn't my Jack! My friend is at home, as I told you, with a sprained ankle. I don't understand it at all. Mr. Somerville asked me—'Mr. Somerville' cried Miss Heatherstone, sitting bolt upright. "Is that the name of the gentleman who sent you?"

"Of course it is," Dick answered, almost testily. "He told me to look out for a tall, dark girl with a red cape, his cousin, and—"

"And you mistook me for her? Oh, I see it all! Oh, Jack, Jack, how I have wronged you!" And, to Dick's consternation, the young lady immediately went off into a fit of hysterics, which necessitated the summoning of the attendant and the removal of the sufferer into an inner room for the application of restoratives.

While Miss Heatherstone wrestled with her attack of nerves Dick, horrified at the result of his mistake, hastened out into the vestibule in search of the other victim and found him leaning gloomily against a pillar. At first the outraged avian refused to listen to any explanation and seemed strongly inclined to make a personal assault upon the innocent cause of the mischief, but Dick's remorse and agitation finally disarmed him, and, while they parted at the door of the waiting room, they shook hands with expressions of mutual esteem and thankfulness that the error had been discovered in time.

When Dick entered the room where his friend was still nursing his ankle, the latter regarded him with considerable interest.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Where is Mary?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Don't know?" shouted the other. "And you with her cape on your arm?"

Then Dick, looking down, found that he was still carrying the cape which Miss Heatherstone had handed to him in the waiting room.

"Isn't that the cape?" continued Jack Somerville angrily.

Dick burst into a laugh that was half hysterical.

"It's a red cape all right," he said, "but—but it was the wrong Mary that was in it!"

Signals on 'Change.

On the floor of the Stock Exchange there has been in vogue for years and is still in use a mute system of language by which brokers and operators convey orders to brokers whom they represent. It is done by movement of the fingers, and the purpose of it is to hide the nature of orders from other brokers. The plan is after this fashion:

When a telegraph operator receives an order to transmit to a broker, he will raise his index finger if the order is to buy at an eighth; reverse it if the order is to sell. Should the operator want to indicate other fractions each additional finger raises the limit an eighth. The fist clinched and thumb uplifted tells the broker that three-quarters is meant. When it comes to seven-eighths, that fraction is made by forming a right angle with the thumb and first finger, and, finally, if the even figure is wanted, a waving movement of the hand is used.

This is the system adopted by nearly every active broker in making transactions, but to prevent others from following up their orders some have an independent notation device and will communicate by signs which are known only to the operator and the broker directly concerned—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Modern Editorial.

An essay on "The Boston Newspapers" in the Bookman throws some light on the development of the modern editor. The earlier newspapers had no editorial. Attempts to mold public opinion took the form of letters signed "Philips," "Junius" and like Latin names.

The writer in the Bookman claims for Boston the honor of originating the present editorial form. The Boston Daily Advertiser and Repository, the first successful Boston daily, was founded in 1813 and the next year passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the spy of the revolution. Hale began to substitute leading articles for the form of letters furnished by the salivary Romerly furnished by the salivary Romerly—Junius, "Junius" and like Latin names.

The fashion set by the Advertiser was widely copied and Mr. Hale came to take some pride in his innovation that when such prize men like Everett and Webster offered articles for use as editorials he insisted on printing them as communications. Only the staff men were allowed to write the regular editorial comment.

The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER III.

A beautiful evening in October; it was as though some of the warmth and sweetness of summer had returned for a while. The sky was blue, the color of the sunset was gorgeous, the foliage of the trees was magnificent; autumn flowers were blooming, autumn tints were over the land. It was twilight, and Lord Caraven, having no one to play at billiards with him, sauntered restlessly through the rooms, thinking to himself how foolish he had been not to provide himself with a companion for that most interesting of all games.

"I must not let this happen again," he said. "To live here alone requires more strength of mind than I am possessed of."

It did not occur to him that he was alone—that he had a fair young wife near him. He never thought of her at all. He would not have remembered her existence but that, wandering aimlessly along the corridors, he saw her in the drawing-room.

He almost owned to himself that there could not have been a lovelier picture. Wishing to finish something she was reading, she had brought her book to the window and couched down where the light fell. He saw a fair, flower-like face, a shining wealth of dark hair in which lay gleaming pearls, a flowing mass of purple velvet upon which the white arms shone like snow on a purple crocus; the lovely figure, the graceful attitude, the picturesque dress, cut square in the front, leaving the white neck bare, the wide hanging sleeves, the slender white hands—all made a picture that he must have admired had the subject been any other than the money-lender's daughter.

Seeing her, he thought it was possible she understood something of billiards, although women never knew anything. She saw him, and fancying from his manner that he wished to speak to her, she opened the window and went out to him.

"You will be cold," he said, with unusual thoughtfulness. She went back to the drawing-room in search of a silvery scarf that she used. She threw it carefully over her head and shoulders, and became her so well that he could not help noticing it.

"This is dull work, being here alone," he said.

"It is dull for both of us," she replied, briefly.

"We will ask some nice people down at once; this kind of thing will never do. I wanted to ask you, do you know anything of billiards?"

"Billiards?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes—many ladies play remarkably well. It is such a great resource."

"Do you want me to play with you?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes; I am, bored to death. I am tired of smoking. I never read much, and there is nothing to do!"

"Extraordinary," she cried—"nothing to do!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean nothing. I am very sorry. I have seen a billiard table; but I have never played. I will try to learn, if you like."

"Beginners are generally very awkward," he said, frankly. "I cannot think how it is that I have forgotten to ask any one over. I must not be so remiss again."

They walked down the terrace until they reached a rustic garden seat, and, with an air of utter exhaustion, the earl sat down. Hildred took her seat, unasked, by his side.

"Lord Caraven," said Hildred, "have you thought how long—how long—since the third of August, and it is now October; and do you know that you have never once addressed me by name?"

My schoolfellows used to call me 'Hilda,' my father calls me 'Hildred.' You have so contrived as never to give me my name at all. You do not say 'Lady Caraven,' 'Hildred,' 'wife,' or anything of the kind. How is it?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, blankly. "The question had evidently puzzled him. 'Will not do it,' he said again; Lady Caraven, if she annoys you," he said; and then there was silence between them, broken only by the sighing of the wind.

"Lord Caraven," she said at last, "will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"No; without knowing what the question may be, I predict that—certainly not."

"This question has troubled me very much; it has been the one thing which I have pondered night and day—a question I cannot answer, one that I feel is the key to a secret."

"You alarm me with that long prologue. Briefly, what is your question, Lady Caraven?"

"Hildred, it is this. Why did you marry me, Lord Caraven?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed, with astonishment.

"I ask you the question," she went on, "because I have watched you and studied you, and I am convinced at last that you did not marry me for love."

"Love!" he cried. "Why, what has that to do with it?"

"I thought," she continued, "that you had married me because you loved me. I knew that you were cold, unromantic, that you had no sympathy, little kindness; but I believed implicitly that you married me for love."

"I had never seen you—I saw you only once," he said, in astonishment.

"I know, I remember. Still, I repeat what I have said to you; I—I fancied—I am quite ashamed to tell you the truth but I will do so—fancied you had seen me somewhere and had liked me."

He laughed, but the laugh was not pleasant to her.

"Did you really think that?" she asked, musingly. "Poor child!"

Then he turned to her with sudden briskness. "Do you really mean to tell me, on your word of honor, that you do not know why I married you?"

She raised her fair, proud face to his.

"I assure you most solemnly that I do not. It is the greatest puzzle I ever had."

"Did your father tell you that I—I loved you?"

"No," she replied, thoughtfully, "he did not. Indeed he assured me that love was not needful for happiness. He never said you loved me—he said you wanted to marry me."

"And what else? Go on. What else?"

"That if I consented his highest ambition would be gratified."

Lord Caraven murmured some terrible words between his closed lips.

"Then he never told you why this marriage was forced upon me?"

"No; he never told me that."

"Then I will tell you now. He compelled me to marry you—and I begin to perceive that he has sacrificed you as well as myself."

"Sacrificed?" she repeated.

"You cannot mean the word!"

"I do mean it, both for myself and you," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Caraven; it is right that you should know the truth. I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal. I have owed your father the sum of sixty thousand pounds—I had mortgaged Ravensmere to him. I was also deeply in debt to others. I had literally come to my last shilling; disgrace, ruin, poverty and shame were all before me. Your father had the management of my affairs, and when I asked him what I was to do, he told me he had two hundred thousand pounds and a daughter."

A low cry came from her lips, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I am sorry to pain you," he said, "sorry to distress you—but it is better that you should know the real truth. Your father is ambitious; his hopes were fixed on your marriage. He offered me the alternative, I could choose beggary, ruin, shame, disgrace, the total annihilation of my house and name—or I could choose the money and marry you. Your fortune has saved me from worse than death. I am sorry to tell you this story; but it is best that you should know the truth."

"Yes," she agreed, despairingly, "it is best."

She drew her hands from her face and looked at him. What nature of man could he have been that the anguish and despair on that girlish face did not touch him?

"Then you have never loved me, never cared for me?" she said, faintly.

"No. I am grateful to you; I can say no more."

He saw her draw the silvery shawl round her shoulders and shudder as though she were seized with violent cold.

"I feel now," he said, "that it was a cruel thing to do. You are young, and your whole life is blighted. At first I thought and believed that you understood everything—that you were as mercenary and ambitious as your father—that you were as ready as he to give yourself and your money in exchange for my title. I thought that you, through him, knew the full value of the estate and everything on it—that you knew all the house contained—that you were as keen and shrewd as he was. I misjudged you—I beg your pardon for it."

She raised her pale face to his.

"I swear to you," she said, "that I would rather have died than have married you had I known the truth."

"I believe it, and respect you for it. It is better short time past I have fancied that in thinking as I did I was mistaken. Now I know it, and am glad to know it. I am sorry that you were sacrificed to me."

"Did you—do you—pray do not be angry with me," she said—"did you love anyone else?"

"You ask me if I had ever loved any one sufficiently to ask her to be my wife. No, I had not. I have never asked any one to marry me, for the simple, all-sufficient reason that I should have married any one whom I should have cared to marry."

"And are you very unhappy with me?" she asked, gently.

"What a strange question! Unhappy? Well, no; I cannot quite say so. I am, as I said before, grateful to you, and now that I find you have been victimized, I am sorry for you."

"Now that our marriage is an accomplished fact, do you not think that we might manage to make the best of it—might try to begin this life as equals?"

"No, not in the sense you mean—to not to love you as a man should love his wife—never! You forgive me if these seem hard words—you have asked me for them."

"I will speak frankly; then we shall both know what we are doing."

She dropped the silvery veil that shrouded her head and face.

"Will you tell me," she asked, meekly, "why you cannot care for me? Am I not fair enough to please you?"

"Yes, you are fair enough; but love is not to be taught or bought—it comes unperceived. I cannot express myself well on the subject; but it seems to me absurd for a man to say to himself, 'It is my duty to fall in love with such and such a woman, so I must do it.'"

"But if that woman were his wife?" she suggested, gently.

"No man can love against his will, wife or no wife," was the hasty reply.

"Then, Lord Caraven, am I to live in your house always an unloved, uncared-for wife?" she asked.

"The fault is not mine," he replied. "I believed that your father had explained to you that the whole affair was—was distasteful to me. Believing that, I married you; now that I have found out my mistake, I pity myself and I pity you, Lady Caraven. I despise myself now for what I have done. If I had to choose again, I should choose disgrace or death."

The night wind sighed around them; the sunlight had died away, the moon was rising in the sky.

"I am grateful to you," he continued. "I will do all I can to show my gratitude; you are and shall be mistress of the whole place. It is yours in so far as your money has saved it; you shall have every desire of your heart, every wish gratified. Your position is one of the highest in the land; you shall have every thing to grace it. You shall have entire liberty; you shall invite whom you like, visit whom you like; you shall be your own mistress in every respect. I will always see that every honor is paid to you."

"In short," she said, "you will give me everything but love."

"Well, if you choose to put it in that light, yes," he said, gently.

"I accept the terms," she said, gravely. "There are many women who could choose the money and marry you. Your fortune has saved me from worse than death. I am sorry to tell you this story; but it is best that you should know the truth."

"Yes," she agreed, despairingly, "it is best."

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"Yes," she agreed, despairingly, "it is best."

She drew her hands from her face and looked at him. What nature of man could he have been that the anguish and despair on that girlish face did not touch him?

"Then you have never loved me, never cared for me?" she said, faintly.

"No. I am grateful to you; I can say no more."

He saw her draw the silvery shawl round her shoulders and shudder as though she were seized with violent cold.

"I feel now," he said, "that it was a cruel thing to do. You are young, and your whole life is blighted. At first I thought and believed that you understood everything—that you were as mercenary and ambitious as your father—that you were as ready as he to give yourself and your money in exchange for my title. I thought that you, through him, knew the full value of the estate and everything on it—that you knew all the house contained—that you were as keen and shrewd as he was. I misjudged you—I beg your pardon for it."

She raised her pale face to his.

"I swear to you," she said, "that I would rather have died than have married you had I known the truth."

"I believe it, and respect you for it. It is better short time past I have fancied that in thinking as I did I was mistaken. Now I know it, and am glad to know it. I am sorry that you were sacrificed to me."

"Did you—do you—pray do not be angry with me," she said—"did you love anyone else?"

"You ask me if I had ever loved any one sufficiently to ask her to be my wife. No, I had not. I have never asked any one to marry me, for the simple, all-sufficient reason that I should have married any one whom I should have cared to marry."

"And are you very unhappy with me?" she asked, gently.

"What a strange question! Unhappy? Well, no; I cannot quite say so. I am, as I said before, grateful to you, and now that I find you have been victimized, I am sorry for you."

"Now that our marriage is an accomplished fact, do you not think that we might manage to make the best of it—might try to begin this life as equals?"

"No, not in the sense you mean—to not to love you as a man should love his wife—never! You forgive me if these seem hard words—you have asked me for them."

"I will speak frankly; then we shall both know what we are doing."

She dropped the silvery veil that shrouded her head and face.

"Will you tell me," she asked, meekly, "why you cannot care for me? Am I not fair enough to please you?"

"Yes, you are fair enough; but love is not to be taught or bought—it comes unperceived. I cannot express myself well on the subject; but it seems to me absurd for a man to say to himself, 'It is my duty to fall in love with such and such a woman, so I must do it.'"

"But if that woman were his wife?" she suggested, gently.

"No man can love against his will, wife or no wife," was the hasty reply.

"Then, Lord Caraven, am I to live in your house always an unloved, uncared-for wife?" she asked.

"The fault is not mine," he replied. "I believed that your father had explained to you that the whole affair was—was distasteful to me. Believing that, I married you; now that I have found out my mistake, I pity myself and I pity you, Lady Caraven. I despise myself now for what I have done. If I had to choose again, I should choose disgrace or death."

The night wind sighed around them; the sunlight had died away, the moon was rising in the sky.

"I am grateful to you," he continued. "I will do all I can to show my gratitude; you are and shall be mistress of the whole place. It is yours in so far as your money has saved it; you shall have every desire of your heart, every wish gratified. Your position is one of the highest in the land; you shall have every thing to grace it. You shall have entire liberty; you shall invite whom you like, visit whom you like; you shall be your own mistress in every respect. I will always see that every honor is paid to you."

"In short," she said, "you will give me everything but love."

Well, if you choose to put it in that light, yes," he said, gently.

"I accept the terms," she said, gravely. "There are many women who could choose the money and marry you. Your fortune has saved me from worse than death. I am sorry to tell you this story; but it is best that you should know the truth."

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"No man can love against his will, wife or no wife,"

School Opening!

EVERYTHING IN SCHOOL BOOKS & SCHOOL SUPPLIES

New Lines and New Values in SCRIBBLERS and EXERCISE BOOKS.

Try "Parker's Special" H. B. LEAD PENCIL, extra value—2 for 5c.

NEW STATIONERY, FOUNTAIN PENS, Every pen guaranteed.

BARGAINS.

Rubber Sealer Rings, 5c. doz. New stock.

CHAS. E. PARKER, PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

The F. T. Ward Co. TO THE LADIES.

We have placed in stock this week a full assortment of SHETLAND WOOLS that are so popular just now for shawl making. The colors are Pink, Sky, Cream, White, Black, Heliotrope, Rainbow, etc. Close price in shawl quantities.

Also, Berlin, Zephyr and Andalusian Wools, all colors.

Saxony and Scotch Fingering Yarns, 65c. lb. up.

FRUIT JARS.—Pints, Quarts and Half Gallons. Close price to clear.

GROCERIES.

Pure Spices, Cleaned Fruits and Fine Flavored Teas our specialty.

Cider Vinegar 20c. gallon.

T. G. CLUTE, MANAGER.

P.S.—Paying 15c. for Fresh Eggs.

SOMETHING NEW

Yes! We have it. It's the

FARMERS' JEWEL FURNACE

Manufactured by The Burrow, Stewart & Milne Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, Ont., the largest manufacturers in the Dominion.



Positively the very latest furnace on the market. Has all the newest improvements in CONSTRUCTION and DESIGN. It admits more air for the purpose of combustion than any other, by a new process, and a greater amount of heat is therefore extracted from the fuel. It is by far superior to any other furnace made to-day, and is very MODERATE in PRICE.

Call and get full information. We are EXCLUSIVE AGENTS here for it and all other lines of the Famous "Jewel" Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces, including Canada's Greatest Cook Stove, "The Grand Jewel," which is becoming more and more popular yearly.

H. & J. WARREN,

Hardware, Stores & Tinware,

MILL ST.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '03, 25c.

PARKER BROTHERS BANKERS, STIRLING, ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits. Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain. Money to let on Mortgages at low interest. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES. In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line. To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE. Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—GOING WEST. Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m. Accom. 6:43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8:43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1902.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The duck hunters have not been very successful thus far this season.

It will be illegal to catch speckled trout after the 15th of this month.

A return game with the Trenton lacrosse team is being arranged by the local team to take place here shortly.

The potato crop in this section is affected some with the rot, though to what extent is not yet definitely known.

Thirty-four students-in-training are attending the Madoc Model School. Mr. Fred Ashley, of this village is one of the number.

Mr. A. H. Bailey, of the 3rd con. of Rawdon last week threshed 970 bushels of grain from 30 acres of crop. This shows a high average yield.

The Stirling lacrosse team went to Trenton on Labor Day to play a match with the team of that town and were defeated by a score of 5 to 2.

The Sovereign Bank have had placed on the floor of their office here a fine inlaid linoleum, which adds greatly to the appearance of their handsome office.

Mr. Jas. Milne can probably boast of having caught the largest "lunge" this season, amongst our local nimrods. He captured one weighing fourteen lbs., yesterday, on the river Trent.

There is still a shortage of harvest hands in Manitoba and the Northwest. The C. P. R. will run another excursion on Tuesday next, the 16th inst. See their advertisement in another column.

Lt.-Col. Edward Harrison, C. O. of the 49th Regiment made a short call at the different Company headquarters last week, including the new Companies at Marmora and Bancroft.

Two ladies belonging to the Belleville Division of the Salvation Army were in town soliciting aid for their Rescue Homes. These homes are doing a good work and are worthy of support.

Rev. J. C. Bell gave an excellent temperance sermon in the Methodist Church on Sabbath evening last. During the service Miss May Dame, of Toronto, gave a solo, which was well rendered.

The thanksgiving service at St. Lawrence Church, near Wellman's Corners, on Sunday evening last was very largely attended, the church being crowded. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nimmo, and was most interesting and instructive.

The lacrosse match at Picton on Aug. 28th between Belleville and Marmora resulted in a victory for Marmora by a score of 5 to 2. The Belleville team went to Marmora yesterday to play the return match and defeated the home team by a score of 4 to 3.

We have received from the Directors of the Marmora Agricultural Society, through Mr. B. F. Butler, V. S., Secretary, a complimentary ticket to their Fair, which is to be held at Marmora on Tuesday, Oct. 7th. They are making every effort to have a good Fair, and we wish them success.

Especially low clubbing rates for the News-Argus and Weekly Globe, or Weekly Mail and Empire, from now to the end of the year.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Lorne Totton, of Wellman's Corners, which took place on Wednesday. He had been ill for about a year and a half, of that lingering, but fatal disease, consumption. He was a son of Mr. Robert Totton, of that place, and was 23 years of age, thus being cut off in the prime of young manhood. His parents and relatives have the sincere sympathy of all in their affliction. The funeral takes place on Friday at 2 p.m.

Men have various ways of carrying money. Butchers, millers, grocers and bakers carry it in a crumpled wallet. Bankers in nice clean bills, laid full length in a morocco pocket book. Brokers always fold their bills once, doubling their money as it were. The young business man carries in his vest pocket, while the sporting man carries it in his trousers pocket. Farmers and drovers carry theirs in an inside pocket, whether it is fifty dollars or fifty cents. Editors, more frequently than not, carry theirs in other people's pockets. Reader, if you are acting as one of our bankers, we desire to intimate that we need the money right now.

Rev. Dr. Nimmo will preach in St. John's Church, Belleville, on Sabbath next, and in St. John's Church, Stirling, on the following Sunday.

North Hastings Fair.

The fall show of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held at Stirling on Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 10th and 11th inst. There is every prospect of the exhibition this year being much in advance of any previous year. The price list has been considerably enlarged, and a larger and better variety of exhibits will no doubt be the result. Let every one do their best to make it a success.

Mr. William E. Gladuey, a prominent citizen of Marmora, died on the 1st of September. Mr. Gladuey had for years past been one of the most prominent and respected residents of that flourishing village. As head of the firm of W. E. Gladuey & Co., he had built up one of the most prosperous general store businesses in North Hastings, and to the great amount of energy and hard work he threw into his business may in a measure be ascribed his early demise. A year or so ago he had a slight attack of paralysis which obliged him to somewhat curtail his work, but for some time afterwards he still managed the large business of the firm. Of late, however, he had been obliged to give up all business worry, but despite this he gradually grew worse, until the end came with a general breaking up of his whole system. Asthma of the heart was the immediate cause of death. The funeral took place on Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, under the auspices of the Masonic order, and was very largely attended. A number were present from this village. He was in the 49th year of his age.

Mr. Wm. Mackintosh, P. S. Inspector for North Hastings, in his report made to the County Council, which has just been published, states that there are 22 male and one hundred female teachers employed in North Hastings. Their qualifications are—first class, 5; second class, 33; third class, 84. The proportion of male teachers is less than in the previous year, showing that low salaries are gradually crowding the male teachers out and causing them to seek other callings. The highest salary paid to a male teacher was \$750. The average salary paid to male teachers was \$559.51. To female teachers the average salary paid was \$263.01. The school attendance is shown not as good as it should be. There were enrolled during the year 2,833 boys and 2,792 girls,—in all 5,625. The average attendance was 2,604.07, or between 46 and 47 per cent. of the number enrolled. The highest percentage in any municipality was in Madoc village, which was 67 per cent. Marmora village 59 per cent., Rawdon, 55, Madoc township 54, Huntingdon 53, and Stirling 51 per cent. All the other municipalities show a lower percentage. This shows a very irregular attendance, and is an evil which should be remedied.

Auction Sales.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 12.—On the North half of Lot 15 in the 13th Con. of Rawdon, a lot of Farm Stock and Implements belonging to Mr. Geo. Wellman. Sale at one o'clock. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

Administrators' Sale by Public Auction, at Moon's Hotel, in the Village of Stirling, a part of Lot 9 in the 6th Con. of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, on Saturday, the 13th day of September, 1902. For particulars see posters.

Births.

HAGERMAN.—In Rawdon, on Aug. 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hagerman, a son.

Married.

WIGGINS-WESCOTT.—At the residence of Mr. F. Scott, Sidney Township, by the Rev. J. C. Bell, on Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, Mr. H. C. Wiggins, of Marmora, to Miss Blanche Wescott, of Stirling.

HOPK-BROWNSON.—At the residence of Mr. J. F. Cooney, Stirling, on Sept. 10th, by the Rev. J. C. Bell, Mr. Edward Hopk, of Marmora township, to Miss Martha Brownsong, of Rawdon.

WEAVER-VANDERVOORT.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 10th, by the Rev. W. D. P. Wilson, LL.B., Mr. Wm. Weaver, of Rawdon, to Miss Louie Vandervoort, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Vandervoort, of Sidney.

Deaths.

REID.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 1st, John Reid, aged 47 years.

JOHNSTON.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 3rd, Alexander Johnston, aged 62 years, 11 months and 10 days.

BATEMAN.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 5th, Rebecca Bateman, wife of John Bateman, aged 34 years and 9 months.

TOTTON.—At Wellman's Corners, on Sept. 10th, Lorne Totton, aged 23 years.

Funeral on Friday, at 2 p.m.

A Revolution in the Fur Trade.

Our Furs will soon be all in stock, of which the public will hear later on, also, Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings. The public need not be told nor do we need any ad. about this part of our business—we are too well known as Clothiers to require it.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on Sept. 3rd, 955 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:—

2 Cook's	80
3 Central	120
4 Enterprise	60
5 Evergreen	60
6 Harold	60
7 Kingston	60
8 Marmora	40
9 Monarch	40
10 Pioneer	100
11 Riverside	30
12 Shamrock	75
13 Spy	50
14 Spring Brook	20
15 Stirling	50
16 Glen	40

All sold as follows:—Bailey got 205 boxes at 9 13-16c.; Kerr 440 boxes at 9 13-16c. and 810 boxes at 9 13c.

Board adjourned for two weeks to meet at 2 p.m.

The General Synod of the Church of England has accepted the proposal to change the church's name, but voted in favor of a revised edition of the prayer book.

The Bancroft Times says: The license commissioners met at Stirling on Friday last to consider the application for a transfer of the license of the Queen's hotel Bancroft, to Messrs. Dixon & Adrain. The application was refused, and Dixon & Adrain have been obliged to hand over the business again to Mr. McCaw.

Patrick Wims, a farmer of Tyendinaga, was accidentally killed on Friday afternoon last. He was at work in his hay mow, and on leaving slid down. He had a hay fork in his hand and as he slid down he fell on it. The handle of the fork penetrated his body, inflicting a terrible wound, from which he died shortly after. He was a married man and leaves a widow but no family.

An American company is about to erect a plant for the manufacture of actinolite on some property in Elizavetownship. Already several carloads have been shipped, and it has proved satisfactory. Actinolite is a sort of asbestos, and is used in the manufacture of paint that is impervious to the danger of fire from flying sparks or cinders.

Nearly two hundred appeals have been entered against the Madoc voters' list for errors by the assessors. The review of these about one hundred and fifty have been entered by the Conservatives, and nearly fifty by the Reformers. The Judge's Court to hear and determine the same will be held on the 22nd inst., when an interesting time is expected.

Fall Fairs.

North Hastings, Stirling, Sept. 10-17. West Hastings, Frankford, Sept. 10-19. East Hastings, Thrasher's Corners, Sept. 22.

Campbellford, Sept. 25-26.

Prince Edward, Picton, Sept. 24-25.

Coe Hill, Thursday, Oct. 2.

Marmora, Tuesday, Oct. 7.

Demorestville, Oct. 10-11.

Farmers, Attention!

SAVE YOUR CHICKENS FOR EXPORT

Commencing in September, you can deliver to your nearest G. T. R. Station every Chicken you have raised. Plump, young birds of any breed will be accepted. We pay for good Chickens from 5c. to 6c. per pound, live weight, equal to from 40c. to 50c. per pair. This house or waister is absolutely refused. We send shipping coops to any Station free and pay express up to 50c. per 100 pounds of chickens. We want buyers in a number of localities. If our buyers do not call on you write for particulars to A. E. SILVERWOOD, or DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS., Lindsay.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling Hotel parlors, three times weekly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in November.

Don't Miss the Fair

You will miss it when you come to the Fair if you fail to call and see our elegant lines of Reliable Boots and Shoes, which we are now placing in stock for Fall Trade.

The Best in everything from the smallest Child's Fine Boots to the heaviest Men's and Women's for every day wear, has been our watchword in selecting our stock for Fall Trade.

Call here and see for yourself. Our methods, prices and goods are honest, and we hope, attractive to you; we endeavor to make them so.

This is the only store where you can get such values as these:—

Mens' Solid Plow Boots	\$1.00
Good, Solid, Fine Boots from	\$1.25
Boys' and Girls' School Boots, the best for the money, 50c. upwards.	
Women's Fine Dongola Boots	\$1.25
Coarse Boots, such values at 70c. to \$1.25 you only find here.	

HAND-MADE BOOTS.

We use only the BEST LEATHER that money can buy, made up in the most substantial manner. Every pair warranted and you'll find our prices low.

Give us a call, no trouble to show goods. Remember we sew all rips free on any boot bought here.

GEO. REYNOLDS, SHOE KING

P.S.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE.

Parts of Lots Nos. 58 and 59, 1st concession W. 3. Point, Township of Southampton, County of Prince Edward, containing 15 acres adjoining Demorestville and lying between the south side of the main road, and a deep loan and clay, in good state of cultivation. Good fences well watered—at the north by the marsh, and five lasting wells of pure, cold water. The location is a desirable one; the good. The house is a double, nicely situated and up-to-date—twelve rooms. Drive house, wood and coal at hand. Barn 22 x 30, shed and stalls 12 x 18, hay barn and stables 10 x 24. Ten acre hop yard with poles for school, churches, merchants and all mechanical shops right at hand. Nine miles from town of Picton, 4 miles from village of Northport, where, in their season, the great lake and river through steamers with the day of Quinte still touch daily.

Also Lot 20, Big Island, about 50 acres of excellent land, with fair buildings, and land in north side of Mosquito line. This lies on the fishing or trapping this is the very best ground along the shores of Bay of Quinte. Terms easy.

DEMORESTVILLE, July 29, 1902.

For further particulars inquire of DR. SPRADE, Stirling.

HARDWARE!

Furnaces and Triple Heaters.

Remember I am prepared to heat your house with a Furnace or Triple Heater. I am handling the best furnace and heater in Canada. No smoking or burning out in a short time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

I have also a full line of Stoves for either coal or wood. Call and see Buck's Happy Thought, Honor Bright and Brilliant; Gurney's Banner and Bright Idea. These cook stoves are greatly improved. Handsome finish, steel ovens and every stove warranted.

Plenty of Double and Single Box Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Coal Stoves, both in new and second-hand.

I sell at rock bottom prices. Give me a call.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

B. C. HUBBELL, MARMORA.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND Justice of the Peace for county Hastings.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have Washington office. Patents taken through Munro & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

Beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months; 50c. three months. Free Book on PATENTS sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

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JAMES CURRIE.

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(If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.35 will be charged.)

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos.

Whole col. down to half col. 7c. 5c. 3c.

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If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, \$10 per year; \$6 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. For colored ads. 50 per cent. additional, limited to six lines, \$1 per year. A column measures twenty lines.

Advertisements may be charged at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 5c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted full and charged according to rates.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors Help" and "How you are benefited." We have extensive experience in the preparation of claims for foreign countries, good advice and photos for free advice. MUNN & CO., Experts, New York, Boston, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902.

Vol. XXIV, No. 1.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. McO. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY,
Late House Surgeon, Montreal General
Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur, Mon-
real Maternity Hospital and Assistant in dis-
eases of Women in General Hospital. Licen-
tiate Illinois State Board of Health, and Mem-
ber College of Physicians and Surgeons of
Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street,
Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, etc.
OFFICES—Stirling and Bancroft.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

T. E. OLIVER, D.D.S., L.D.S.

DENTIST.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNI-
VERSITY, and M.R.C.D.S. of Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Open every day and evening.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO Medical College. Licentiate of
the College of Physicians and Surgeons, On-
tario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boulter's
former residence, Stirling.

G. G. TRASHNER,

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-
ANCER, etc. Office over Brown & Mc-
Culloch's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON,

BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Office: McManis Block, Cor. Front and
Bridge Streets.

MONEY TO LOAN.

W. P. McMAHON,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Public, Conveyancer, etc., Belleville, Ont.
Private Money to Loan at Lowest
Rates.
Office, East side Front St.

JOHN S. BLACK,

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
taking Affidavits. Office, over the store
lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239.
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
at 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Vitrified Air, Gas, and
all the modern improvements known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

The People's Store

Our FALL OPENINGS are now on and we extend a cordial invitation
to all to call and examine our New Goods.

A large stock of Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats. The very latest styles and
prices to suit everyone.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Skirts in Serge, Cheviot, Homespun and Lustre.
See our new specials in Navy, Black and Grey at \$2.75, \$3.25 and \$3.50.

Ladies' Silk Blouses, Black, Cream, Turquoise and Old Rose.

A full line of Black Mercerized and Fancy Striped Cashmerette Blouses.

FURS. FURS.

Men's Fur Coats, Caps and Gauntlets; Ladies' Capelines, Muffs, Caps, etc.,
and a full line of Children's Caps and Ruffs. Call and ask our prices.

MILLINERY.

In Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery we have the very latest styles, and
are always pleased to show goods.

C. F. STICKLE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA,

(Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life.)

By
Way
of
Con-
trast

Death rate per \$1,000 of mean insurance in force, 1901—
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average..... \$7.30
In The Mutual Life of Canada..... \$6.88
Expense rate per \$1,000 of total income, 1901—
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average..... \$30.29
In The Mutual Life of Canada..... \$18.88
Combined Death and Expense rate per \$1,000, 1901—
In 15 Canadian Life Companies, average..... \$32.70
In The Mutual Life of Canada..... \$13.91
From the above figures intending insureds will see where
their interests will be best served.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING

.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes,
Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low
rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

Methodist General Confer- ence.

The General Conference of the Meth-
odist Church is still in session at Win-
nipeg. We have not space to give any-
thing like a full report, but will merely
refer to a few matters of general inter-
est.

The vexed amusement question,
which has agitated Methodist Confer-
ences for many years, was once more
up for discussion Monday night, but,
as in previous years, the church's high-
est court refused to make any change
in the "foot-note," and added emphasis
by refusing even to debate the subject.
This end was not reached without the
consumption of considerable time, how-
ever, and the application of closure was
a source of irritation which a consid-
erable number of delegates were unable
to conceal. Several amendments were
offered, mainly in the direction of mak-
ing the provision amendatory rather
than peremptory, but all met defeat un-
der huge avalanches of opinion. The
subject was handled amid a constant
buzz of excitement, owing to the many
conflicting views, and the tangled web
at times taxed the minds of the bright-
est intellects. But the veteran Gen-
eral Superintendent, with that rare
genius for presiding which he always
exhibits, ran safely through, and after
moments of the highest tension added a
dash of humor to lighten the situation.
The application of closure was a disap-
pointment to many people, and has
caused not a little heart-burning. Ear-
lier in the day Conference affirmed the
principle that the term of the General
Superintendent should be eight years,
thus settling a delicate question. They
also gave authority for the appointment
of local Superintendents of Sunday
schools in various Conferences, and de-
cided that Sunday school committees of
annual Conferences shall be standing
committees.

Rev. Dr. Carman was re-elected Gen-
eral Superintendent by the Methodist
General Conference at Winnipeg, and
Rev. George J. Bond of Halifax was
elected editor of the Christian Guardian
in succession to Rev. Dr. Couric.

Farm Chances in Manitoba.

Now that land can no longer be had
in the United States for the squatting
on, and when even railway lands bring
high prices in the open market, the tem-
ptation which such a country as we have
here described offers to the progressive
American farmer is very great. If he
has money, he can buy a good improved
prairie farm in western Canada for very
much less than his own holding will
bring. If he has a wealth of grown
boys, he can obtain free of cost to him-
self, and for every boy over eighteen
years, a farm of 160 acres ready for the
plough, and by united effort they can
double their holdings by the yield of
their labor in two or three years. This
statement is not made at random. I
have been over the territory, and have
met with numerous instances of success
in this regard. I knew a man who for
a quarter of a century toiled on a stony,
hard-to-work hundred acres in eastern
Canada, and barely made enough to
feed and educate his four sons and one
daughter. He took the western fever,
and settled west of Brandon, Man., a
few years ago. He sold his farm in On-
tario, invested the money in adding 360
acres to his free grant of 160 acres; ob-
tained 160 acres for his three full-grown
boys, and together they began to work
this immense farm. The money bor-
rowed at ten percent to stock the place
was all paid off in five years, and so
well did the venture turn out that the
daughter was sent to a women's college
in Ontario to complete her education,
and the boys, at the end of eight years,
were able to take a trip to Europe.
This is no exceptional picture of the
successful prairie farming in Canada,
and it accounts in some measure for the
present rush to the North-West from
all parts of the continent and from
Europe. So the Yankee is trekking—
Cy. Warman, in Review of Reviews.

The High Court of Justice (jury sit-
tings) will open at Belleville on Monday
22nd inst., before Chief Justice Falcon-
bridge.

The Bancroft Times tells a tale of
a constable from Madoc, who went to
the former place armed with a war-
rant to arrest a certain person, whose
friends were so extremely friendly with
the constable that he was induced to
partake so freely that he used language
more forcible than polite, and in conse-
quence was brought before a magistrate
and fined \$2.00 and costs.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

(INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

Authorized Capital.....\$2,000,000.
Subscribed Capital.....\$1,300,000.

(Fully subscribed at a premium of 25 per cent.)

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES—MONTREAL.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Most liberal terms to depositors. Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received
and interest allowed from day money is deposited. Interest is added to Savings
Bank balances twice yearly. No delay in depositing or withdrawing funds.

Absolute Security to Depositors.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BUSINESS WITH FARMERS.
Accounts of Cheese Factories handled, prompt attention, courteous treatment
and good terms assured. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

W. M. CHANDLER,
Manager Stirling Branch.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Cheese Board on the 17th inst.,
1270 boxes of cheese were boarded as
follows—

2 Cook's.....	40
4 Central.....	100
4 Enterprise.....	50
5 Evergreen.....	100
6 Harold.....	60
7 Kingston.....	40
8 Marmora.....	90
9 Maple Leaf.....	100
10 Monarch.....	20
11 Riverside.....	50
12 Shamrock.....	100
13 Spy.....	60
14 Spring Brook.....	100
15 Stirling.....	60
16 West Huntingdon.....	100
17 Glen.....	70
Forest.....	100

Buyers present—Bird, Bailey, Cook,
Kerr, Rollins and Whittton.

All sold as follows—Bird got 580
boxes at 10-1-10; Bailey 180 boxes at
10-1-10; Kerr 200 boxes at 10-3; and
960 boxes at 10-1-10.

Board adjourned for two weeks, to
meet at 2 p.m.

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Own Correspondent.

One of the weddings of which your
correspondent gave you a hint a short
time since, took place at the residence
of Mr. Wm. Hogle on the evening of
Sept. 9th, when his eldest daughter,
Orpha E., was married to Mr. Wm.
Frederick Bonter of Marmora. There
was a large number of guests present
and the gifts were many and beautiful.
The bride, who is one of our prettiest
young ladies, looked charming in a
dress of white crepe de chene trimmed
with tulle. She wore bridal veil and
orange blossoms. Miss Eva Anderson,
who acted as bridesmaid, looked no less
lovely in a dress of white organdie
elaborately trimmed with applique, and
with white flowers in her rich dark
hair. Both bride and bridesmaid car-
ried shower bouquets of pure white
flowers. The little maid of honor, Miss
Eva Hogle, sister of the bride, was
in pink organdie, and came in for her
full share of admiration. The bride-
groom, but who cares what he wore;
don't they all dress alike;—but he
looked nice. He was attended by his
brother, Mr. John Bonter. Miss Lilian
Brown of Marmora played the wedding
march and Rev. M. Moore of Bur-
row, tied the nuptial knot, after which
the company sat down to a sumptuous
repast. The young couple went on
their wedding tour to Niagara, and took
in Toronto fair on their return. Your
correspondent wishes them every hap-
piness.

Anson News.

From Our Correspondent.

Miss Lily White, of Toronto, who
was visiting at her uncle's, Mr. Henry
White, received a telegram on Monday
morning to return home at once, as her
brother was drowned.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Weaver, who re-
turned from their bridal tour on Monday
evening, have the best wishes for future
happiness from a large number of
friends here.

Miss Bessie McMullen, who has been
relieving Miss Phillips in the Bell tele-
phone office, Stirling, returned home
yesterday.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Sickness is the interest we pay on
life's mortgage.

Any woman who regards beauty as
superfluous has never tried it.

An optimist is a man who is satisfied
with what he doesn't get.

It will undoubtedly be a cold day
when the North Pole is discovered.

Nothing jars on a chronic invalid like
being told that he is looking well.

You can't convince a girl that mar-
riage is a failure until after she tries it.

In the Laws of Every Land.

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may often look,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mould,
Where the rum-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause,
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read right,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it where there's ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale,
Write it large, in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
In the hearts of every land,
In the laws of every land,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

"Sterling Hall."

STRAWS certainly tell that the trade winds of busi-
ness blow strongly and regularly towards "Sterling Hall."
The whys and wherefores are told in the sayings "A penny
saved is two pence got and Economy is a great Revenue." We
guarantee the high quality of our goods. Economy is in the
pricing. What more can you want? save to inspect and
purchase.

FALL COATS for Women and Girls.

The first tinge of Autumn in the air finds us with a good gathering of
"Northway" Garments, splendidly tailored and sure fitting, in Blacks, Greys
and Fawns, at \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Separate Skirts, full of new swing and stylishness at \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$6.

PRACTICAL PETTICOATS.

Black Sateen, the Petticoats the Women now want. New touches and
prices too, that you'll like, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

CHATELAINE AND WRIST BAGS.

Useful, essential, ornamental and reasonable at 25, 35, 50, 75c., \$1.00 and
\$1.50.

SUITS FOR MEN OF SENSE.

The "Sterling Hall" \$10.00 Sack Suits for Fall make a strong appeal to
sensible men—through their pocket books. What's the use of paying several
dollars more than is necessary for the sort of suit you like to wear—good
looking, well fitting, stylishly and carefully made from good, all-wool ma-
terials. "No use," say these suits. And when you see them—and you'd
better see them soon—you'll surely agree with them. Plenty of handsome
patterns in Tweeds and Worsteds to choose from. Also, plenty of Reliable
Suits, in approved full cut, at \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00.

OVERCOATS AND RAINCOATS—The popular Raglan in many prices,
of Sanford make, \$6.00 to \$15.00.

MEN'S CAPS—40c. values for 25c.

WOOL SOCKS—Saturday Special—120 pairs, 15c. Socks for 10c. pair.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR—Heavy Shirts and Drawers, 50c. suit. Extra
heavy, all wool, \$1.00 suit. Extra heavy, wool fleeced, \$1.00 suit.

POULTRY—Will be buying Turkeys and Chickens, alive, for export.
For full particulars enquire of T. J. Thompson, Spring Brook, or at "Sterling
Hall."

W. R. MATHER.

Plain Shoe Truth.

Every advertiser is inclined to make extravagant statements about his
goods. All are best; all are cheapest. At this point the reader is perplexed.
We prefer to put it in this way: Our business will not continue if we make
only transient sales. It's the people that buy and come again that support
this store. You see that we can't afford to sell anything but the Best Shoes
at the Lowest Prices. We have Shoes for Men, Women, and Children; all
styles, sizes, widths and prices. Come and investigate.

We also make Boots To Order. You would think so if you were to visit
our workshop; and nothing but the best material used.

See our window display of "Empress Shoes." Don't forget Brushola.

J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE on Easy Terms.

100 acres in 8th Con. of Sidney, conven-
ient to Belleville market. New frame
cottage, frame barn, drive house and
tack house, frame barn, drive house and
tack house. One well and a living spring.
Good orchard, a young orchard, of plums,
cherries and pears. Post-office, grocery
store, school, two churches, cheese fac-
tory. For further particulars apply to
owner on premises.

JAMES PICKERING,
Halloway, P.O.

FARM FOR SALE.

East half Lot 12, 5th Con. of Sidney.
100 acres, eighty under good cultivation
and twenty in wood land. Good orchard.
Well watered. Good frame barn, shed,
drive shed, wagon house and hog pen.
Good brick house, situated on the main
road leading from Frankford to
Belleville, convenient to school and cheese
factory. For further particulars apply to
owner on premises.

JAMES MUNN,
Frankford.

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale his farm
consisting of Lot 23, and parts of 24 and 25
in the 1st Con. of Seymour, containing 40
acres, more or less. Good frame barn, shed,
barn and other outbuildings. Well wa-
tered, by spring creeks and the river Trent.
One of the best dairy farms in Ontario.
Will sell stock and implements with the
farm if desired. For terms and further
particulars apply to

JOSEPH DUNKLEY,
Halloway Station.

FOR SALE.

A first-class THRESHING RIG, includ-
ing Traction Engine, Separator, Wagon,
Tank and syphon, for sale or to rent.
Ready to go on the road at once. Apply
to

JOHN SHAW, or
J. EARL HALLIWELL,
Stirling.

Spring Brook Cider Mill

is now open for business. Satisfaction
guaranteed. Cider and cider vinegar
always on hand. Will use my own
team on the power.

J. WILSON, Prop.

Arrived.

A CAR OF
Straight Manitoba
Flour, Bran,
and Shorts,
which will be sold at
very low prices for cash.

FRUIT JARS.

A large stock of all sizes for sale at
lowest prices. A can opener given
away with every two dozen jars.

S. HOLDEN.

Good Dairy Farm for Sale.

One of the best in this section of the
County, beautifully situated one-half mile
from Stirling, on the Frankford road, in
the 9th concession of Sidney. Contains
212 acres, well fenced, and in fine state of
cultivation; well adapted for dairying and
hog raising. Has on the premises a good
cheese factory, a fine young orchard, 20
acres of heavy timber wood land contain-
ing a sugar bush of 400 trees. Has good
farm buildings, large house with elaters
inside, and well outside the door, barn
45 x 70 feet with well in basement, stables,
silo, hay barn, drive house, sheds, hog
pens, and machine house. Raydon Creek
runs through the premises. Price \$10,000.

Also, if desired, 50 head of cattle, 5
horses, and all farming implements.

This farm was formerly known as the
Annestry or Rupert farm.

For further particulars apply on the
premises to

MICHAEL & GEO. SHEA,
Owners.

LOST

Between Halloway and Stirling, a Lady's
open face Gold Watch and chain. The
finder will please notify

MRS. C. E. PINEO.

The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER V.

May was drawing to a close, when Lord Caraven one evening received a letter which appeared to give him the keenest delight. He read it, and then went with it to his wife.

"Hilred, here is good news; but I am too busy—perhaps you will not think it good news."

"If it pleases you so much I shall," she replied, gently.

"You have heard me speak of my cousin, Sir Raoul Laureston, the hero of a hundred fights?"

"No," replied Hilred. "I have never even heard his name."

"That seems strange," said the earl.

"Not at all," she replied, quietly. "You forget that you have never spoken of your family to me at all. I do not know the name of a single relative that you have."

He looked incredulously at her.

"I am very careless," he said; "but I did not think that I was so bad as that. I will make amends by telling you about Sir Raoul Laureston."

"Raoul," repeated Hilred. "Is he—no, he cannot be a Frenchman, Lord Caraven, if he is a relative of yours?"

"No, but the name has puzzled many people. His mother was a French lady of noble birth, and one of her ancestors, named Raoul de Courcelles, distinguished himself greatly in the French wars; it was her family name her boy after him."

Hilred repeated the word "Raoul."

"I like the name, Lord Caraven," she said, slowly.

"And I like the name," he told her. "I do not know any one in the world whom I like better than Raoul. Yet he gives himself great airs over me. He is—no, you will laugh when you hear it—he is my master—at least used to be in years gone by. But what I wanted to tell you is this—he is coming back to England—and he has always had his home at my house; he has never lived anywhere but at Halby House or Ransome—never—and I hope never will."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"I understand. But what has that to do with you?"

He looked somewhat confused.

"After all, he is the mistress of the house, the chaitaine, and I should not like to ask any one to make their home with us who would be at all—now let me see how to express myself diplomatically—who would be displeasing to you?"

"Thank you," she said, briefly.

"After all, home—whether it be happy or miserable—is always home, and I should not like to make yours really uncomfortable. If you say that Sir Raoul will be in your way at all, I will not ask him—if you think you will not wish him here as without him, then I shall be pleased to see him in his old place."

"I thank you for your consideration," she replied, with dignity; "but, as nothing could possibly make what you call 'home' more unhappy for me, and the coming of a stranger, who may prove my friend, will be some little comfort, I say unhesitatingly, 'Yes.'"

He looked at her half sadly.

"Are you really unhappy—really not happy?" he asked.

"If living where my friendly face ever smiles on me, where my friendly voice ever reaches my ear, where no one cares for me or takes the least interest in me, be happiness, then I must be very happy," she said, bitterly.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked, and there was a shadow of pain on his face.

"Is it worse," she replied.

Only a few short weeks since her heart would have beaten fast with happiness to hear words spoken so kindly; now she turned away, and from her heart to her lips rose the unspoken prayer: "Heaven help me, for I am beginning to hate him!"

The name of Raoul Laureston was known throughout the land; he had proved himself to be a hero. He was not merely in Government dispatches and newspaper paragraphs that he was praised; his name was on men's lips when they gathered together and their gallant sons; when they told how English soldiers fought, and the bravery of heroes, they always mentioned the brave Colonel Raoul Laureston.

He was not only wealthy—he was the younger son of the younger branch of the house of Caraven; he had no great patrimony; his whole fortune amounted to about five thou-

sand pounds. But he was a soldier, born and bred; he could never have been anything else. He was as brave as a lion; he knew not fear. They told wonderful stories of him in the army—how he had saved lives when his own life was in peril; how he was loved and worshipped by the men under his command. It was a good thing to belong to Raoul Laureston's regiment; he never forgot any man serving in it; he had the interest of each one at heart. Many a young officer who, in other hands, would have gone to the bad—would have ended a shameful life by a shameful death—with him became a good and brave soldier. He had the gift of winning men's hearts; his words were few but eloquent. Like all great men, he was utterly devoid of vanity and egotism; in his soul there was no room for small vices.

So, among a world of commonplace men, he had made for himself a name and fame. When the red flag of war was unfurled, and every home in the land had sent its sons to maintain the honor of Old England, Raoul Laureston's name became a household word. Mothers whose sons were at the war wept on hearing of him; and they told their friends of him; and his name was everywhere. When the red flag of war was unfurled, and every home in the land had sent its sons to maintain the honor of Old England, Raoul Laureston's name became a household word. Mothers whose sons were at the war wept on hearing of him; and they told their friends of him; and his name was everywhere.

He was knighted for his bravery, and then, as though fortune did not know how to lavish sufficient favors upon him, he succeeded to a large fortune, left to him by a comparative stranger, his godfather. But the brave soldier never quite recovered from his wound; the slightest effort, the least exertion, brought on an attack of illness that was always dangerous. And across his brow, just over the right temple, was a deep, scar, left there by the bayonet of Italy. He was sent to France and to Italy. It seemed as though his military career was ended.

It had been a terrible grief to him to have to give up his profession and live abroad. He said to his doctors:

"While I have life I shall hope, the health and the strength I have lost may return to me—I may hold a sword again. Heaven is kind."

But for the last four years he had been at Nice, and had grown weaker, and a great longing had come over him to see England again.

"If I must die," he said, "let me die there."

And seeing that the home-sickness was a bar to his recovery, the doctors allowed him to return.

It was strange—the journey did him good; he was stronger when he reached London than he had been for some time. Then he wrote to the only relative he had—Lord Caraven—asking if he should, as usual, make his home with him. He had not heard of the earl's marriage—unless he was compelled to do so—and Sir Raoul had not read the notice of it in the English newspapers. Had he known of the marriage, he would never have dreamed of going to his kinsman's home.

He heard it from one of his brother officers who hastened to welcome him to England, and was at first incredulous. He had always loved the handsome, willful boy who looked up to him with such affection, and it had been a bitter source of trouble to him to find him inclined to go to the wrong way of life. Raoul Laureston was older than the earl, but they had been good friends. In his light, frank way he had scolded the man. He had done his best to exercise a wise control over the earl. There were times when he fancied that he should succeed—there were others when he knew that he had failed.

It was with positive incredulity that he heard of the marriage. When Major Vandaleur told him the news, the brave soldier refused to believe it.

"Caraven would never have married without telling me," he said. "He has not written to me for years,

but he would have written if that had been the case."

"I assure you," declared Major Vandaleur, "that I was present at the ceremony. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"I must not dispute what you saw with your own eyes," said Sir Raoul. That granted then, whom had he married?"

"A Miss Ransome," was the brief reply.

"Ransome? I do not remember the name."

"The beautiful Vandaleur," he laughed.

"No, you have probably never heard it—though there are few young men in the army who could say as much. Ransome is a lawyer and money-lender."

The soldier's face fell.

"A money-lender! You cannot be serious? Caraven marry a money-lender's daughter? I cannot believe it."

"It is true. I remember the lady's name—Hilred Ransome. I did not see her, although I was in the church during the marriage; the bridegroom's tail head showed above the crowd; I saw a vision of white and silver, but not the bride's face or figure."

"Money-lender's daughter! Is she beautiful, Vandaleur?"

"I cannot tell you; I have not met her. The only time I heard her discussed was on her wedding day; she was only just eighteen, and people said she looked very unhappy."

"Only eighteen! And when was he married, Vandaleur?"

"Last year, Laureston."

Then she is only nineteen now; that is very young," said Sir Raoul, musingly. "I am afraid I should be an interloper. And I should not feel at home. Caraven is very fond of her, I should say. I do not think that I shall go to Halby House."

"You have plenty of money," returned the major, brusquely, "why not buy a place of your own?"

"I would do so—that is, I would have done so long ago, but that I am uncertain about my own life; it has hung upon a thread so long that I have never dreamed of anything for myself."

"You ought to be a judge," said the major, "and a prophecy from your appearance that you will grow better—not worse."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a note for Sir Raoul.

"It is from Caraven," he said, as he hastily broke the seal.

As he read it, his whole face brightened, a light came into his eyes.

"I knew the boy's heart was in the right place," he remarked. "There could not be a kinder letter than that. He will not hear of my remaining here, or going elsewhere. I am to go to Halby House at once, where everything is at my service, and his wife joins in begging me to go. The boy is not changed, you see. His heart is good."

And the major, having some little respect for Sir Raoul, forbore to tell him of the rumor said about the handsome earl and his heart.

"I shall go," said Sir Raoul,—"this has quite decided me. You think I am right, do you not?" he added, seeing a strange smile on the major's face.

"Certainly. I was thinking of the earl, not of you," and long after the two friends had parted, Major Vandaleur looked very grave.

"It is like going into a wasps' nest," he said. "Raoul is a noble, simple-hearted soldier. He will have little patience with the earl—perhaps even less with his wife."

No such thought troubled Sir Raoul; he thought of nothing but the right and just that his kinsman should extend the hand of welcome, that his wife and himself should beg him to visit them, that their home should be his.

"I may be able to do him some good," said Sir Raoul. "Ulric always listened to me."

So he was full of hope as he drove to Halby House.

"What will this young wife be like?" he wondered. "A money-lender's daughter—nothing very noble or brilliant, but Ulric loved her, I suppose. She will be a city demoiselle. Let us hope, for Ulric's sake, that she is pretty and accomplished."

He caught himself wondering more than once what she would be like, and then he laughed at himself for it.

"I have few relatives," he said. "That the fact of finding a new one is something wonderful."

His word, face flushed with emotion as the carriage stopped at Halby House.

"When a man has but a few friends," he said, "how low to value them!" he said to himself, "and Ulric will be pleased to see me again."

(To Be Continued.)

A BAD BREAK.

"What is it, dear?"

"Why," faltered the bride, "it may be all right, but this man sends me a happy return of the day with his present."

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

"HIGH" FOOD FOR PIGS.

An experienced hog-raiser says: "There is no kind of animal, even dogs, which is given such filthy food as pigs. No matter how vile and rancid it is, they eat it, too, which some may take as a natural indication that it is acceptable to them. That I doubt, and I think they only eat it because they are greedy and anything that will fill them up on some farms and about very many pigsties there are casks kept in position for the pigs. These casks are rarely empty, and are taken from them, and more put in, but the bottom is hardly ever reached. In hot weather the matter soon ferments, diabolical. I once knew a young man who lost his life through this. He caught typhoid fever, and the doctor said it was generated from the filthy smell, but the authorities often worry people about things far less objectionable. Why it is not treated as a dangerous nuisance I cannot imagine."

PIGS WILL SUCCEED BETTER with superior food than inferior stuff. They may not eat more of the former than the latter; indeed, they do not take so much, and it does them far more good, as it retains an active appetite and supplies a fine condition. I am all in favor of giving them sweet, clean food, as I know they will soon prove this is the right thing for them, while stinking, decaying matter is never safe. "What, then, shall we do with our refuse?" some may ask. Why, do as you are doing now; give it to the pigs. There is a time when all such stuff is sweet and healthy, and that is the period when it may with advantage be utilized as pig food. If more accumulates than they can consume always get more pigs. There need be no waste. I do not think it is because there is too much of it, but it is put into casks and allowed to decay partially. I know some are actually of opinion that it is the best way of disposing refuse into palatable pig food. Others let it accumulate as a matter of convenience, and not a few do it to save themselves work. Some of the pigs may be given fresh to the pigs at other times it is deposited in the cask as being handy when wanted, but no such considerations and arrangements should be tolerated. All who desire their pigs to remain in perfect health, make satisfactory progress, and yield the finest samples of bacon, must shun "high" food and only use that which is more healthy and clean.

UTILIZING BONES.

On many farms there are bones scattered about the paddocks, which should be collected and converted into manure. Of course, there is a market for bones, but when sold in the uncrushed state their full value is never obtained. It is more profitable to treat the bones at home, and spread them on the land, than to crush them. Where no crushing mill is available, there are several methods of reducing bones which may be adopted. A simple plan is to pack the bones layer by layer, with fresh wood ashes, in a barrel, and keep the mixture moistened for some months. Care may be kept in constant use for this purpose on a farm, receiving every few days a fresh layer of the bones and ashes. A quicker method is to boil the bones in an iron or copper boiler together with strong caustic lime. The proportion of bones to lime is not exact, or variable. Approximately, five parts by weight of caustic soda; or seven parts by weight of caustic potash, dissolved in 15 parts by weight of water, will disintegrate about 15 parts by weight of bones by two or three hours boiling. The bones are allowed to remain in the caustic liquor, even without boiling, they will in the course of a week or so become disintegrated. Bones may also be reduced by mixing in heaps with quicklime and loam. A layer of loam 6 in. deep is made, and on this is placed a layer of about 6 in. deep of quicklime. The layers of loam, bones and lime are repeated in succession until the heap reaches a convenient height, when it is finally covered with a thick layer of earth. Holes are then bored in the heap from the top, and water poured down them to slack the lime. Instead of boring holes, round sticks may be put in during the formation of the heap, and withdrawn when it is finished. The mass will become hot, and remain so for two or three months, after which the bones will be friable, and the whole heap may be mixed up, and is ready for the ground.

DIPPING FOR PARASITES.

Parasites of all kinds are not only injurious to the wool of sheep, but to the health of the animals as well, and dipping to destroy them should be resorted to wherever and whenever they are present at alarming time. There is no other way to remove the troublesome pests except by repeated dipping, and sometimes it requires a good many to accomplish the desired end. "Ticks" will worry the thin, weak sheep more than the strong ones, and they seem to congregate on them in such numbers as to cause their death. Sometimes the ticks appear on the sheep shortly after dipping, and the impression is made that the dipping did not free them from the parasites, but this is a mistake. The trouble was that the ticks were in the sheds or stables where the sheep were kept, and by putting the ani-

mals back in their infested quarters the ticks soon covered them again. The living quarters of the sheep must also be treated with the solution by spraying and washing. In this way we protect the animals from a future invasion. A second dipping should follow the first about ten days later, and the living quarters should also receive a second spraying. Sometimes where the parasites are very numerous a third dipping and spraying may pay.

THE DAIRY FARMER.

The trouble with the average farmer is that he gets along too easily. But the man who has to do business with the cow year after year is compelled to be a business man. He has to study animal life, he has to read, he has to be in contact with the market, he has to do business 365 days in the year; and that develops a good, strong man. As you exercise your muscle, you develop it; so you exercise your mind, you develop it. We would not advise any man, young or old, to go into the dairy business, if he wants to have an easy time. The man who follows the cow has no promise of fortune, but he can get two years' work in one and usually he can get two years' profit in one.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a cure for each and every form of hemorrhoids, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed it. See for yourself in the daily press. Write for a free copy of our money-back guarantee. You can use it at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE KHARTOUM OF TO-DAY

SOUDANESE CAPITAL BEING REBUILT BY BRITISH.

A Visitor Meets One of the Guards Who Fought for Gordon to the Last.

A few years ago the savagery of Omdurman was a dangerous menace to African civilization. Khartoum had remained a heap of ruins from the fall of Gordon in 1885, when it was razed to the ground, and Omdurman became the Darvish capital. To-day Khartoum presents to the whole of Central Africa an interesting object lesson of peaceful progress. This wonderful place can be now reached in five days from Assouan by the efficient service organized by the Government—the best by which (writes Mr. John Ward in The Monthly Review) I have ever travelled. Not only are there excellent dining and sleeping cars, but at not unusual intervals, luxurious bath-rooms are supplied. The first section of the line from Khartoum to Abu Hamed runs in a perfectly straight line along the level, pathless desert, the most weird and arid scene I have ever witnessed. The sand is of a hot reddish tint, the sparse rocks the burnt sienna of our color box. Pyramidal peaks rise in the distance on either side, and after sunrise wonderful mirages appear along the horizon—delusive indications of placid pools and leafy groves, where neither water nor growth nor life of any kind exists.

WITH ITS MUD HOVELS

At the time of the British occupation, Khartoum being in ruins, the Government offices were established at Omdurman, but they are gradually being removed to the new city as the permanent buildings are erected. Omdurman still covers a large area, but much of it is ruinous, and the population is not more than 15,000. In the Mahdi's time 400,000 souls were crowded within the camp enclosure. The place when taken by the British was in an indescribable state of filth; it was intersected by wide roads and is now police supervised. As Khartoum is developed the old place will doubtless be allowed to dwindle away. It is now visited mainly for the ruins of the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house and the Darvish arsenal.

The sight of Khartoum from the river comes as a charming surprise after the long journey through a thousand miles of barrenness, where it is embosomed in trees. The white palace, a massive building, dominates the graceful palms. It is a finished structure, of great durability and elegance, and gives the impression that its builders have come to stay. No professional architect was employed—it is, in fact, a new style, an invention of the Royal Engineers. These ingenious officers were quartered here, and got the job to do as part of their duty, and did their best. The result is charming and original. But Engineers have to be ubiquitous, like their motto, and those who commenced the lower storeys are the designers of one engineer, the upper of another, and yet the whole is congruous. It is said that the officer

who is most responsible for the design is now doing duty as Governor of Sennar, where his architectural genius will not find much scope.

THE WHOLE STAIRCASE

At the south corner leads past the spot where Gordon fell, now marked by an inscription on a granite block. His few faithful guards died around him, save one Soudanese of great strength, who survived, though terribly hacked about. He is now a native officer of high rank in our service. He is a man of distinguished appearance, and much respected. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. I was told by the chaplain some interesting matters connected with this fine old soldier. He wants to be admitted into the Christian church, and has repeatedly pressed his claim thus: "I have no more belief in the religion of the Prophet. I am at heart of your faith. Let me join your church for the sake of my wife and two daughters, who, like myself, want to be Christians. I am not afraid of their fate if they have not the freedom of your religion." But Mr. Gwynne told him he dare not take any step in the matter, if he did he would be at once sent back to England. Some day when there may be a public church the veteran can attend if he pleases. Meantime it seems a hard case to be refused.

The State and private apartments of the Khartoum are finely proportioned, simply furnished, but with a quiet dignity. A beautiful tame leopard keeps guard at the stairs leading to the Sirdar's apartments, but I was more interested in the study of a dignified bird who keeps sentry-go in the palace garden. He is a distinguished visitor from the Bahar-el-Ghazal. Since his sojourn at the palace he has become tame and may ramble all over the vast garden, but he prefers the society of the notables, always taking up his station near the terraces and the rosery. His plumage is of a bronze-brown. He has a great black bill and pouch, and long elegant legs like a crane. His eyes are a cold-green. He is said to be a peacock, but the natives call him Abu-Markuk—father of shoes—out of compliment to his remarkable bill, like whalebone or old patent leather.

LONDON'S PAWNBROKER.

The British "Uncle" Advances More Than Things Cost.

We imagine that few, if any, of our readers are aware of what "mosking" is, since even so experienced a magistrate as Mr. Shell was compelled the other day to confess to entire ignorance of both the word and the practice which it represents. Mosking is professional pawn-broking, and there is, perhaps, no more remarkable calling pursued in all London. The ordinary citizen whom stress of circumstances drives to seek assistance from the poor man's barker never expects to get the full value of his pledge, and recognizes that the pawnbroker could not live if he did. But the mosker does not only for the value of the article but for a profit on what he paid for it, and the amazing thing is that he gets it. There are, it appears, jewelers who make a specialty of supplying the mosker with the articles he requires, and who get up their goods so carefully as to deceive even the very alert among "uncles," says The London Globe.

To such an extent had this gone that one lawyer yesterday described it as a "well-known custom of the trade," and certainly the results must be satisfactory to their clients, for we find that the result of the police inquiries is that obtaining a living by pawning stolen goods is more than has been paid for them is a practice which quite extensively prevails. There is also an added refinement, which increases our respect for the intellect though not for the morals of the mosker. It seems that it is not professional to be contented with the profit made out of the pawnbroker. There must be another "turn" in the transaction besides that. The mosker, therefore, who is really at the head of his profession, first pawns for 10s. that for which he has given 5s., and then sells the ticket to somebody else for 15s., alleging that the pledge is a really worth 20s., and which only the avarice and obduracy of the pawnbroker drove him to part with it at the ridiculous figure marked on the ticket. If Montague Tigg, could revisit the pale glimpses of the three golden balls he would find he had a good deal to learn nowadays.

Mrs. Bondclipper—"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?" Doctor—"I am inclined to think that your blood is not pure. I'll have to give you something to purify your blood." Mrs. Bondclipper (thoughtfully)—"You are probably not aware that I belong to a good old Norman family."

Had Lost Hope of Getting Well

Years of Keen Suffering From Kidney Disease—Owes Life to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. R. J. McEain, Niagara Falls, Ont., a man of 80 years, and well known throughout the Niagara district, writes: "I believe if it had not been for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I would be in my grave before this. I was very bad with kidney disease, and suffered with dreadful pains in my kidneys. Being disappointed in the use of many medicines, I had almost given up hopes of ever getting better. One morning, after a night of especially hard suffering, a friend called to see me, and asked why I

did not try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got a box at once, and took two pills, which was a rather large dose; one pill is plenty at a month, and at the end of that time was a changed man. "It is now about five years since I began using this pill, and since that time I have felt as good as I did 40 years ago. I am almost 80 years old, and I am free from all diseases, except rheumatism. This is much better than it used to be before I used this medicine. I recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver

Pills with all my heart to any person, man or woman. This is my opinion of the valuable pills, and you may use it for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are especially appreciated by people of advanced age. The kidneys are frequently the first organs of the body to break down, and there are few old people who do not suffer from kidney disorders, and resulting pains and aches. One pill a day, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Uncle Dick—What is the baby so pleased about? Nurse—I guess he heard Mrs. Smith say just now that he didn't love a bit like any of his relations.

Tom L. Johnson is on the road to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States. It is safe to say that the world has never seen a more personally candid politician. He has told his audiences that they were making him and others like him wealthy, that they were foolish for so doing, but that so long as they were so foolish he would let them do so. When condemned for opposing his own interests and the interests of his class in the State Legislature, he said he was prepared to take advantage of all bad legislation, but not to defend it as a representative of the people.

Toronto's Great Show.

Saturday evening closed what has been in many respects the best exhibition that Toronto has yet held. The number of exhibits was greater than in past years and the character was above the average, while the financial results are regarded as satisfactory. When everything is counted up it is expected that the receipts will be found to be about \$30,000 ahead of last year, and possibly equal to those of 1898, which was the big year of the fair. The total attendance this year was nearly four hundred thousand.

The Apple Crop.

Writing to a leading fruit firm in Montreal, Mr. John Smith, one of the best known apple growers in Ontario, says that a considerable portion of this year's crop is spotted, and the quantity of choice No. 1 stock will be disappointingly small, especially in the Trenton and Brighton districts, while some of the best orchards in Essex and Elgin counties are said to have also suffered. A party writing from the Trenton section to this fruit firm says: "I am puzzling my brain to know what we are going to do with our immense crop of apples this season, as there will be comparatively few really choice No. 1 shipping stock."

Curiosities of the Law.

A man defrauded fifty Toronto merchants out of \$5 each, \$250 in all, and was caught with the money on him. The detectives took over the money; the man hired a lawyer to defend him, but he was convicted, and the money was declared to belong to the men from whom it was wrongfully taken. The clerk, however, wrote an order on the detective department to hand over to his lawyer \$70 out of the money that was not his in payment for services in defending him. The judge ordered that the lawyer be paid, and that the money be deducted from its owners there should be deducted from each man's part of it enough to pay what it cost the thief to try to escape punishment for his theft.

If a lecturer reported this as having happened in China, it would be thought very diverting by a Toronto audience. But it happened in Toronto, and not in China, and we trust that it may not be considered disrespectful of the courts if we allow ourselves to think it a very interesting piece of law.

These fifty merchants have thus paid a lawyer to do his best to help a man get away with their money and escape punishment. It may be assumed if the man's defence had cost \$250 the merchants would have recovered nothing.

Suppose this man had stolen a purse containing a check for \$250, would the judge order that the check be cashed so that the lawyer who defended the thief could be paid?

Or if this man had stolen a horse, would the order go forth to sell the horse, pay the prisoner's lawyer, and restore the balance to the owner of the horse?

Law is a mighty ticklish business, sure enough, but it seems to grow more ticklish year by year. It may be, however, that merchants who allow themselves to be defrauded, as in this case, and who thus put the police and the courts to trouble and the country to expense, ought to suffer a fine for their veridancy. If so, would it not be better, however, to have an express statute on the point.

Sunshine Thought.

Build a world beautiful! Don't crowd your world with hate, anger, envy, regrets, fears, disorder, discord and inharmonious. Every second brighten your world with love and joy and peace and hope. Every minute expand your world by unfolding yourself. Every hour open your eyes wider to the grand and beautiful sights in your world; open your ears to the delightful and inspiring strains of divine music which comes of love, brotherhood, tenderness, kindness, gentleness, cheerfulness and contentment. Then from hour to hour, day by day, year by year, your world will become more beautiful. Selected.

Very extensive forest fires in Wyoming and Colorado are doing an immense amount of damage, and great tracts of country have been burned over.

Very extensive forest fires have raged in the State of Washington, burning over a large extent of the finest timber lands in the State. It is stated that fifteen persons have perished in the flames. Great bush fires have also caused considerable damage in British Columbia.

FIRE THRESHING.—On Monday, the 8th inst., at Mr. Wm. Strong's, Mr. A. Tackeberry threshed in five hours 728 bushels of grain, consisting of wheat, barley and oats. When threshing the oats 100 bushels were threshed in 25 minutes or 4 bushels per minute, or at the rate of 240 bushels per hour.—Brigton Ensign.

CUTTING HIMSELF OFF.

The Blunt Way in Which Chaplain Cannon Refused a Fortune.

The Rev. Edward Cannon, a chaplain to King George IV., was a decidedly independent man. On one occasion he refused to accept his royal master's offer of a dukedom and a title, and for a time fell into disfavour. His manner was high handed and not always too courteous, but his actions were always on the side of right and justice. The biography of his friend Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," contains, among other anecdotes of Cannon, the story of how he disinherited himself.

A silly old lady summoned him to her house and pretended to be declining in health. She told him she had made her will, by which the whole of a considerable fortune was to be left to him.

"I don't believe it," said Cannon after a pause, in which he eyed her doubtfully. The lady assured him that the document was lying in a desk in the room.

"I won't believe it," persisted Cannon, "unless I see it."

Smiling at his incredulity, she placed the will in his hands. Cannon read it. "Well," he said deliberately, "if I had not seen it in your own hands, I could not have believed you were such an unnatural brute."

Thrusting the paper between the bars of the grate, he continued in a severe, low voice: "Have you no one more nearly connected with you than I—no one to whom your money should go, who has a right to be provided for first and best? Poo! You don't know how to make a will. I'll send for a lawyer, and he shall make your will. You shall leave me a legacy. There's no harm in that, but I'm not going to take it all to please you. Good day, ma'am!"

ELECTRIFIED HOUSES.

The Simple Explanation of a Very Ordinary Phenomenon.

An instance of non-familiarity with simple scientific facts is illustrated by an article that goes the rounds of the press once or twice annually—namely, the story of the electrified house. The article usually states that some one has discovered that everything he touches in his house—the radiators, picture frames, banquet lamps, etc.—gives him an electric shock; hence he fears there is some connection between the arc light wires and the water pipes near his residence. The electric light inspector is therefore summoned and reports that the wires of his company are intact and that the electricity must come from some other source.

It does not dawn on any of the people consulted that the discoverer of the phenomenon is unconsciously performing one of the simplest and oldest of electrostatic experiments, the shuffling of his shoes over the dry carpet raising the potential of his body to several thousand volts, which discharge at every opportunity. One may even get electric discharges from his knuckles against the brass lock of a handbag which he may be carrying while walking on a stone pavement during cold, dry weather.

But, dismissing newspaper science, it is somewhat astonishing, in view of the many ways in which in cold, dry countries electricity is unintentionally developed and manifested by sparking, that the first knowledge concerning this phenomenon did not come to the ancients in this way rather than by the attraction of light substances by amber. The explanation of this, however, may be that the scientists of bygone days did not reside in cold, dry countries.

When to Eat Fruit.

The question is often asked, At what time of day should fruit be eaten? In tropical countries, where fruit is the chief article of food, the rule appears to be that the earlier in the day it is taken the better and the later the worse. In hot weather many people will eat none after noon, alleging that the digestion then declines in power with the decline of the day and the fruit, instead of digesting, decomposes owing to the presence of the saccharine matter. The objection to fruit and certain kinds of vegetables late in the day, be the explanation what it may, is certainly justified by an ample experience, though some persons can eat fruit at all hours without feeling any inconvenience.

A Plea For Courtesy.

We have lost the old flowery forms of politeness, and now we never waste "Thank you!" on a fellow creature who is not of our own immediate circle. A tradesman does, but he knows it will be charged in the bill. I wonder what will bring us back to the old sweetness of manner? Why should not the customer in the tenapole or the customer in the postoffice say "Please" when he gives his order and the other spare a "Thank you" when he has paid his bill? It makes life run so much more easily.

Not to Be Expected.

"Behave!" exclaimed the professor to the student who was rehearsing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all!"

"Of course not," responded the student lively enough. "You don't expect it in a dead language, do you?"

The Way a Woman Begins.

"Have you finished that new novel yet?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I've hardly begun," she answered. "In fact, I've only read the last chapter."

Stamps are first mentioned by Seneque, bishop of Cyrene, about 300 A. D.

Germany's trade with Mexico increased more than 6 per cent last year.

TOOL THAT ALMOST TALKS.

Yet Its Complicated Mechanism Can Be Tended by a Girl.

The most highly developed of machine tools is the automatic screw machine, and, like many another contrivance for saving labor, its home is New England. It is a development of the ordinary steel working lathe, the intermediate step being the monitor lathe, in which the various cutting tools protrude from the side of a steel turret like thirteen inch guns from a battleship turret. In the non-automatic screw machine the turret is revolved by the operator so as to bring each tool into play, just as the turret on the old Monitor was revolved to bring one gun after another into action. But in the automatic machine the work is done without human guidance.

In making screws, nuts, bolts, studs and other small pieces that must be turned, drilled or threaded for watches, clocks, typewriters, electrical instruments and other mechanisms all the operator has to do is to feed the "stock"—a long, thin rod of steel or brass—to the machine. The feeding mechanism carries the rod slowly forward into the field of action. The turret advances and puts its first tool to work on the end of the rod. When this tool has done its task, the turret withdraws it, turns and advances a second tool into action. Each cutting tool around the turret has its distinct work to perform—one cutting a thread, another shaping a head, another putting on a point, another drilling a hole, still another putting on knurling. The turret automatically brings each of perhaps six tools into action, and when the work is finished the completed screw drops into a pan, while the "stock" is automatically fed forward to begin the complex operation again. A stream of machine oil pours continuously on the work to carry away the heat, and the little metal cuttings collect in a heap under the machine.

Hour after hour this wonderful automation goes through its cycle of operations, the turret clicking every moment as it brings a new tool forward. Small brass pieces, on which but one tool acts, are dropped at the rate of four a second. Large screws of complicated design upon which a whole turretful of tools must work are cut from a steel rod at the rate of one or two a minute. So perfectly are these screw machines constructed that an unskilled workman can operate a row of them. All he is required to do is to keep them fed with "stock." In some shops girls tend the machines.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The time for repentance is in advance of the crime.—"Abroad With the Jimmies."

It is less futile to consider our past than to predict our future.—"Philip Longstreth."

If a man admires a girl at all, he will want to marry her as long as she treats him badly.—"Myra of the Pines."

Well it is to be able to read runes, but better yet it is to know what the Lord has written in men's eyes.—"The Thrill of Life the Lucky."

People are seldom man and wife half their lives without wishing to impart their sufferings as well as their pleasures to each other.—"The Kentons."

Tears and laughter well compounded make the sweetest joy, grief and joy the truest happiness, happiness and pain the grandest soul.—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Be she right or wrong, a woman will not permit a man to question her motives. Being a woman is of itself a good and sufficient reason for whatever she may do or say.—"Graystone."

"Ets or long lane that ain't got no turnin' whatsoever, an' I've noticed this all my life—the longer she is before she does turn the bigger turn she makes when she finally gets to it."—"The Silent Pioneer."

Effective, but Dangerous.

To cleanse glass vases, carafes or bottles of any sort nothing is better than a little muriatic acid. A tablespoonful rinsed slowly around in a vase or decanter will cleanse it thoroughly, removing from the glass every particle of foreign matter. The acid can then be poured into another vase to perform the same office and even then returned to the bottle of supply for service on another occasion. After the acid is out of the vase or bottle the latter must be rinsed inside thoroughly first with hot soapwater and then in several changes of water. Muriatic acid is a deadly poison and must be used with great caution and only by an intelligent adult. A child or servant should never be entrusted with its use.

Paper Hunting.

One of the most exciting of all riding games is paper hunting, or following a trail made by dropping pieces of paper. It can be made as dangerous as steelcoursing or no more so than an ordinary gallop over the fields. The danger is in the fences to be ridden over, says Country Life in America. There is no limit to the pace but the speed of the leading horse and the necessity of keeping the trail. The "hounds" are the man a-horseback who lays the trail is called, is expected to follow his pursuers, the "hounds," as often as he can by the arts of the fox or by his own ingenuity, only restricted by certain rules of the game.

Ivory and Climate.

The American climate, with its extremes of heat and cold, is very trying upon ivory, and ivory backed mirrors of European manufacture almost invariably crack across the back after a few months of use upon this side of the Atlantic. The American manufacturer has hit upon the expedient of leaving a space between glass and frame in order to allow for contraction and expansion.

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The NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1903, 25c.

THE SCOOP FIEND

By J. O. WHITTEMORE

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The Morning Blazer was about to go to press. The typewriters were clicking frantically on the last takes, the foreman was dancing about the last form, and from below floated the babel of the newboys' room and the rattle of the delivery wagons in the alley. The last reporter had struggled out, and none of the brain of the paper was on hand except Gilroy.

Gilroy was the night editor, and he was anything but at ease in his mind. "A bum rag this morning—a bum rag! Nothing but rot and rot—not a line of hot stuff! But there's nothing doing—nothing!"

Gilroy had worked hard and worked his men harder to get out a creditable sheet, but the results were disappointing. He was viciously jabbing the rockers upon his grimy desk with his shears when some one gently nudged his elbow. He wheeled around and faced a strange figure, a face drawn and haggard with a pallor which brought a muttered "Dopo enter!" from the editor—a form attenuated, clad in a shiny black, with a ministerial coat tightly buttoned at the throat; shifting eyes beneath an old slouch hat. It looked like a clear case of "touch," and Gilroy was bracing himself for it.

The man, with trembling hands, drew from an inner pocket several sheets of manuscript, and as he smoothed them carefully he spoke in nervous, hurried tones, with a tense undercurrent of anxiety:

"It's a scoop, sir—'pon honor, a dead scoop! Police don't know it. No one knows it but myself—I mean—er. Give me a V, and it's yours—exclusive. Only a V, sir; worth double, sir."

Gilroy's eyes were running down the lines at lightning speed as with the practice of years he absorbed the story. It was admirably written in an odd, but legible hand, with all the earmarks of an old reporter's copy. The story was of a murder which had been committed but an hour before in an alley directly in the rear of police headquarters. A watchman had been found with his throat cut from ear to ear. The dead man Gilroy knew to be an



"IT'S A SCOOP, SIR—'PON HONOR, A DEAD SCOOP."

Inoffensive Swede without an enemy in the world. The watchman's keys, money and watch were left upon his person, which left the motive to be explained.

For once in his life Gilroy was in doubt. It was to overthrow all the newspaper saluts from their niches to take a story under these conditions. It might be a fake pure and simple, or it might be the greatest scoop which the Blazer ever printed. All this time the man was keeping up his plaintive pleading for "A V, sir; only a V, and it's the chance of a lifetime, sir."

"It's just a gamble, but here goes," muttered Gilroy as he carved the copy into infinitesimal takes and yelled to the foreman:

"Make a hole for this stuff—kill anything—everything—it's got to go!" Then turning to the stranger:

"Here's your V. If this is wrong, I'll hunt you to the ends of the earth and shoot you on sight!" and Gilroy spoke as if he would.

With a feverish clutch the man reached for the banknote and melted into the gloom of the outer office.

With the first grumble of the big presses came a spiteful ring of the telephone. It was Sombey, the cub reporter, who was an independent scout, as he chose to call himself, a man looking for a chance to distinguish himself.

Sombey said, "Police have just found body of murdered man in the night alley!"

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Gilroy.

"Eh! What that you say?"

"Got it—buy a paper and go home and read it—get some sleep and see if you can't get some news."

And Sombey hung up the receiver in a hotel half a mile away and brushed away something like a tear of disappointment, for his chance to distinguish himself had not yet come.

It was the scoop of the town. The Blazer with its vociferous headlines leered at the sergeant before his men had come in. A wandering night-hawk had found the body, and a detail had gone for it. He rang up the Blazer office to know about it, but the newspaper office after the last form is down is like the echoing tomb. He

saw a plain clothes man around to see about it. Gilroy had gone. Where was he? "Roomed uptown somewhere." Two hours later the night editor was pulled from his bed to explain. "Space writer brought it in. Don't know him. Never saw him before. Story was all right, wasn't it?"

"Well, what in the blanky-blank blank are you up here pulling me out of bed for?" And that was all they could get out of Gilroy.

It was on a morning nearly two months after the big scoop.

The Blazer promised to be frosty again. Gilroy was muttering, "Wish that scoop fiend would show up again with something as hot as that last scoop of his."

As if in answer to his wish, the mysterious individual glided in, more vain, more seedy and more wild eyed than before. He had only a good scoop.

"For a V, sir; only a V."

This time it was a yachting accident which had happened at a nearby summer resort. Ten people were drowned, all well known. It was a terrible catastrophe, with news in every line. Gilroy fairly danced when he saw it. He pulled out the V and another dollar with it. He walked home on air that morning, singing praises of the scoop fiend and his own good judgment.

When he awoke from peaceful slumbers and languidly reached for the noon edition of a rival sheet which had flown in over the transom, to his astonishment, dismay and almost nausea he read an array of biting sarcasms to the effect that the yachting accident story "published in a morning paper" was a fearful, cold blooded fake; not a line of truth in it. The people alleged to have been drowned were all alive and well. The yacht which was said to have gone down with all on board was not even in commission.

Gilroy wrestled with his emotions for some time before he had the courage to go out and look the world in the face.

About a month afterward Gilroy found upon his desk a manuscript from the "scoop fiend." Upon the outside was scribbled: "This is all right. Yours without the V."

Gilroy read the story. It was an account of a suicide, of the rash deed of an unknown man who had jumped headlong from the Eagle building, ten stories to the street, at 2:30 that same morning, and it was then hardly 10 o'clock.

Gilroy pitched the manuscript into a bottom drawer, and it was soon far from his thoughts. He was not the man to be caught twice by some crazy hobo, not he.

But in the rival sheet that noon he read:

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.

Crazed by Morphine, John Bond, Once a Famous English Journalist, Jumps From Eagle Building.

In His Pocket Found Confession of Murder of Watchman In Order to Sell Story of Crime to a Newspaper.

"Gilroy reached for the brandy. 'Here's to you, Bond! Crazy as you were, I'm worse.'"

The Blazer published some facts in the suicide case which the other papers didn't have. The editor was pleased to think that he didn't destroy that last communication from the scoop fiend.

And he vowed he would write a story about the case some day, and he did. Here it is.

Regeneration of the Parrot.

One day a man who had had considerable experience with parrots happened to come in, and when I complained of the bird's loquacity he said: "Why don't you get an owl? You get an owl and hang him up close to that parrot's cage, and in about two days you'll find that your bird's dead sick of unprofitable conversation."

Well, I got a small owl and put him in a cage close to the parrot's cage.

The parrot began by trying to dazzle the owl with his conversation, but it wouldn't work. The owl sat and looked at the parrot just as solemn as a minister whose salary has been cut down, and after awhile the parrot tried him with Spanish. It wasn't of any use. Not a word would the owl let on to understand. Then the parrot tried bragging and laid himself out to make the owl believe that of all the parrots in existence he was the ablest. But he couldn't turn a feather of the owl.

The noble bird sat silent as the grave and looked at the parrot as if to say, "This is indeed a melancholy exhibition of imbecility." Well, before night that parrot was so ashamed of himself that he closed for repairs, and from that day forth he never spoke an unnecessary word. Such, gentlemen, is the force of example in the worst of birds.—W. L. Alden.

He Got a Disagreement.

"I had business in the far west last winter," said a Boston lawyer the other day, "and while I was stopping in a small town for a day or two a man over to court to see how they put things through and closely followed the evidence on both sides. There wasn't the shadow of a doubt in my mind that the prisoner was guilty, and that evening I said to his lawyer:

"You'll lose your case tomorrow. The jury must certainly convict."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied.

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I shouldn't count on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied. "I've got two brothers-in-law on the jury, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family, do you?"

"They didn't," laughed the narrator.

"Next day the case was closed, and the jury disagreed."

The Vicious Latin Quarter.

"After two years of life in the Quarter Latin," says Charles Theodore Murray, "where I got my studies of French character for 'Mlle. Fouquette,' I may freely say that it is the worst place in the world to send a young man or woman if you entertain any hope of meeting him or her in heaven."

"I have had much experience in the role of journalist and have investigated the slums of London and Liverpool, know the 'Fendleria' of New York and the 'attractions' at Berlin and Vienna, but for downright Satanic ingenuity of viciousness and gilded debauchery you must go to the Quarter Latin, for it is here that immorality is accepted as a virtue, and real virtue has no line of demarcation to distinguish it from immorality."

"No young man or young woman can survive such an environment unharmed, and many are ruined for life. That which, like London slums, is repulsive is not dangerous. It is attractive vice, smugly coated immorality, which is dangerous, and that is what young men and women find in the Quarter Latin."

How Coal Was First Named.

Captiously, the word coal was in use long before as well as long after the commencement of the coal trade, with a meaning quite different from that which it now has. The term originally belonged to wood fuel and was applied in particular to wood which had been charred, or what is now called charcoal.

When the trade in mineral coal began, this was usually distinguished by the singular name of sea coal. It would seem that from having been gathered in early times on the seashore, more especially of Northumberland, along with seaweed and other wreckage cast up by the waves, this peculiar substance was supposed to be of marine origin. From this circumstance and its resemblance to wood coal in color and burning properties it obtained the name of sea coal, by which it was so long and so widely known. Then in the course of time, as the new fuel gained upon and superseded the old, the simple name of coal became universally transferred to it.

Making It Plain.

A writer in the Lancet, says the Chicago Record-Herald, generously sets himself the task of giving out valuable information as to the amount of food one should eat. He proceeds to make the matter plain to the masses by saying:

"If you desire to know how much you ought to eat per diem, you must first determine whether you are temperamentally anabolic or katobolic. Then, taking into account your age, sex, size, the amount of exercise you get and the temperature of the atmosphere, you should calculate the amount of food necessary to maintain the minimum weight of the body consistent with the best health of which you are capable."

Hereafter there should be no excuse whatever for overeating or under-eating.

The Discovery of Florida.

Juan Ponce de Leon, sailing from Porto Rico in search of new land, discovered Florida on March 27, 1512. He landed near St. Augustine, planted the cross and took possession in the name of the Spanish monarch. In 1763 a treaty ceding east and west Florida to Great Britain, in exchange for Havana and the western part of Cuba, was ratified. In 1781 part of Florida was ceded to Spain, and in 1783 Great Britain ceded east and west Florida to Spain. On Feb. 22, 1819, east and west Florida were ceded to the United States by treaty and purchase, Spain receiving \$5,000,000.

The Way He Gloried.

Two buses were traveling down Regent street in close proximity when the conductor of the foremost one took off his badge and dangled it in the air, to the obvious annoyance of the rival driver.

"What did you do that for?" asked a passenger.

"Why," said the conductor, pointing a derisive thumb at the infuriated driver, "is father was 'ung.'—London Tit-Bits.

Origin of Spoons.

Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man—the river or sea shell and the leaf of plants. In southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were copied.

Helping the Heathen.

Aunt (severely)—How dare you take the money from your missionary box?

Willie—Didn't you say I was a regular little heathen?

"You are far worse."

"Well, I was saving the money for the heathen, and first come first served."

A Terrible Threat.

Customer—That tea service costs 50 marks. That is more than I can pay.

His Wife (whispering)—If I should have a fainting spell among all this china would cost you far more.

Wisdom.

Wisdom consists not in knowing many things nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what convinces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.

Somewhat, people never act as you think they should.—Athenian Globe.

"SQUARING THE GOVERNOR"

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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All theatrical managers have hobbies. It may be anything from the choicest, prettiest chorus on Broadway to old armor. Pyatt's hobby was matchmaking, and it was his boast that his stock company averaged two weddings a season, with the manager himself giving away the bride.

But this season, when he was managing a stock company in Denver, the matrimonial market seemed a bit dead. Summer was approaching without a single wedding to the good. Still there was hope. Eugene Rowland, the leading man, had been paying marked attention to Ethel Godfrey, the ingenue, who had come west shortly after the holidays to replace Nell Douglas, who could not stand Denver's rare atmosphere.

Pyatt was sitting at his desk, glancing over some press notices for the



"ETHEL!" HE CRIED IN AMAZEMENT.

new production which was to go under rehearsal this very morning, when Rowland entered abruptly and tendered his resignation. Pyatt looked worried. Rowland was a dependable chap and had been with Pyatt two seasons. No good juvenile was to be secured west of Chicago. Pyatt chewed his cigar and frowned. He was feeling for the motive which prompted the resignation, and while he thought, Rowland left the office, formerly the star dressing room and opening directly on the stage.

Pyatt was puzzled. Here was the best part ever offered "the kid," to say nothing of a chance to make love to the very girl he was popularly supposed to be wooing in real life. And yet he had offered his two weeks' notice with a finality which left no opportunity for argument. The solution was nearer at hand than Pyatt dreamed.

He had just lighted a fresh cigar when Ethel Godfrey slipped quietly into the office. Her eyes were red rimmed from weeping. Pyatt groaned. Rowland had been announcing his intention of quitting broadcast without giving the resourceful manager a chance to "fix things." His wrath changed to amazement, however, when Ethel spoke.

"I want to go home, Saturday night. I am tired out and I need a rest."

"Wait till after the new piece comes out," urged Pyatt, who began to fear his entire company had gone mad.

Then the truth came out!

"What! Stay here and be made love to by that man Rowland! Never!"

Pyatt whistled and beat an irrelevant ragtime tattoo with his pencil. This was why Rowland wanted his part changed. A lovers' quarrel! Both preferred sacrificing a good engagement to opening the wounds afresh twice daily by mimic lovemaking. Pyatt glanced out on the stage where the company was assembling for rehearsal. Rowland was chatting carelessly with the light comedian.

"The manager laid his hand soothingly on Ethel's bowed head and said:

"If that's the trouble, I can fix things in a jiffy. Just you wait here for a minute."

He went out on the stage, closing the door behind him, and made straight for Rowland, who had not seen Ethel enter the office.

"Gene," he said cordially, "I think that matter you just spoke about can be easily arranged. Suppose you step into the office for a minute. I'll be with you directly."

Rowland, with overcast brow and gloomy eyes, stalked into the office, inwardly insisting that it was the sort of thing that never could be fixed. As he closed the door his eyes fell upon Ethel, still sitting with bowed head and a moist handkerchief rolled in one trembling hand.

"Ethel," he cried in amazement, "what are you doing here?"

She rose with a woeful attempt at dignity.

"I fell to see that this is any affair of Mr. Rowland's, but since he is so curious I have come to tender my resignation to take effect at once. I do not feel that I can do myself justice playing opposite roles to Mr. Rowland."

"You needn't have done that," he replied evenly. "I appreciated the way

you would feel and asked the governor

ethel to give me another part or let me out."

"Gene, you mustn't," she burst out impulsively. Then she checked herself. Surely that was not the way to address a man whose ring she had returned that very morning with an icy note. "I mean that I can better be spared than you. Your part is so important, and you are a favorite with the audience. I am new to the company and would not be missed so much."

"Nonsense," he broke in with affected brusqueness. "You are a woman. I can hustle for myself if I have to. Pleading Pyatt in this new part of yours means a life job, and you must not give it up. I'll join the Spooner eastern company and"

"But that means traveling all the time, and you hate it, I know!"

"Oh, I'm comfortable here all right," he responded, with a half smothered sigh, "but you would be miserable if I stayed, and so I'm going. No, don't try to argue the question. You treated me shabbily last night, but for the sake of our old love I'll overlook it and leave you in peace!"

There was every indication that the ingenue's blue eyes would be clouded in tears again. She rolled her handkerchief into an infinitesimal ball and stared unblinkingly at the huge red rose in Pyatt's rug. Then there were two roses, then three, and finally a great blue spread over the gaudy rug.

"Don't cry, Ethel. I'm not worth one of those precious tears." The caressing voice was dangerously near her pretty pink ear. "I think if you'd just give me a chance to explain what I meant last night our resignations might be recalled. Don't you think so, Ethel?"

She nodded her head slightly, and Rowland, smiling, drew her to his side.

"You see, dear, what I meant was this—"

She placed one hand on his lips.

"Never mind it now. What we'd better do is to tell the governor I've taken you back on probation. No,"—as he tried to protest—"you will have to go on probation for a whole year."

For an instant his face fell, then lighted up. "Well," he said resignedly, "I'll wait a year if I have to, but it will spoil a splendid chance to square with the governor."

She fell straight into the trap.

"What do you want to square him for?"

He smoothed his mustache to hide a smile.

"That's easy. The governor played us against each other. He knew you were in here. He told you to wait till he fixed things for you. He sent me in here to wait until he recast the piece. He knew very well that when we learned of the mutual resignation act there would be a general reconciliation. See? And he's counting on giving you away at the wedding. Now, it would just punish him alright if we slipped off and were married without letting him know about it. If you put me on probation, why, that settles ever evening up with him." And the scamp sighed regretfully.

Ethel looked thoughtful.

"Do you really think he did it on purpose?"

"Know it! Sure!" was Rowland's positive reply, while his eyes danced.

Ethel laughed up into his face.

"Let's!" was all she said, but Rowland knew what she meant.

Intended For a Compliment.

There was a family reunion at the home of little Alice's mother. Grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts and cousins had gathered from far and near. The child was much bewildered, says Harper's Magazine, and had great difficulty in remembering the new names and distinguishing the strange faces.

They were all anxious to be recognized by the little one, the only child present, and her mother was promptly eager to impress all their names on her. So the poor little girl was subjected to the tiresome questions, "Who is this, Alice?" "What is my name?"

At first she gave very vague replies, but soon fell into a fearful silence.

In a little while Mary, her pretty next door neighbor, came in. Alice loved Mary, and her face brightened when she saw the dear familiar face among so many strange ones. Mamma told Mary of Alice's trouble in remembering her relatives' names.

"But Alice knows who I am," said Mary confidently. "Tell me, dear, who I am."

"You ain't nobody," said the child fondly, with a sigh of relief.

Mary was somewhat confused, but under the circumstances it was the kindest compliment she could have received.

The Heart of the Hallstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float separately invisibly in the atmosphere there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dense atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary.

The heart of every hailstone, as Mr. Arthur H. Bell shows in Knowledge, is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may grow a hailstone capable of rolling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of even ten cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing, it falls. Then, continually growing, it falls. Then, continually growing, it falls.

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A Chinaman's Boats. A Chinaman's boats in America cost five times as much as his whole outfit at home.

The Romanians.

This Romanian life is every walk in life a fierce and savage pride which causes him to abhor the idea of medicine and surgery and to consider the loss of a limb as terrible as that of life itself.

First Letter Post.

The first letter post was established among the Huns of Germany about the year 1270. Posts were first heard of in England in the reign of Edward II.

Rats Come From Asia.

Rats are natives of Asia, and their raids westward belong to comparatively modern times. From the fact that the rat is not mentioned by any of the early Europeans it is surmised that it was unknown west of the Ganges in ancient times.

Ancient Oilfields.

The Greek island of Zante has oilfields which were known to Herodotus.

Music and Plants.

A musician in New York asserts that not only animals, but plants, have a passion for sweet music, and a Boston musician avers that when he plays harmonies his sensitive plant "stretches abroad, drinking in the music like sunshine." If, on the other hand, he strikes a discord, the plant trembles and closes.

Plows.

So long ago as 1613 David Ramsey, and Thomas Wildgoose took out a patent for engines and machinery to plow ground without horses.

The Principal Meal.

The principal meal of all people of all ages has been undoubtedly dinner, and the lover of old time customs will find it both interesting and entertaining to notice the various changes which have taken place in the etiquette of the dinner table.

Zulu Women.

Zulu women always indicate by their headgear whether they are married or unmarried.

English Land Tenures.

Some of the English tenures are exceedingly curious. A farm near Broadhouse, in Yorkshire, pays annually to the landlord a snowball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas. The manor of Poston is held by a rental of two arrows and a loaf of bread.

Jim Richmond's Chance

By mutual consent that night a move had been made to the lawn, for the open air was as an invigorating tonic after the closeness of the dining-room. Cigars glowed, Jim Richmond and myself lay comfortably stretched in the garden chairs, while in the French window Jim's wife sat industriously playing her needle on some dainty little garment that augured a coming interesting event, from time to time aiding her husband in his inquisition as to my doings from the date of our previous meeting.

"But come," I said—my examination being completed to their satisfaction—"tell me something about how the world has been going with you. Three years ago I left you James Richmond, a patientless medico, and a more or less miserable bachelor. Surely some extraordinary chance that comes not to every man who dreams of fate as a boy. How did you come to be in your present established position? There is no other deduction possible. Who, then, is the wealthy valetudinarian, and how did this chance come about?"

My words caused them to smile. "Your deduction is not far wide of the mark," returned Jim, after a pause, "but—that is a story my wife can tell better than I, for to her I owe everything."

"Jim exaggerates my share in the affair, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Richmond, shaking a reproving finger at her husband.

"Tell me the story, and I will judge," I said, promptly, and yielding to my persuasion, Jim commenced:

"Well, Jack, as you know, I was always keen on toxicology, and shortly after leaving the hospital, where I had made a special study of the subject, I contributed a paper to the 'Lancet' on 'The Effect of Certain Little-known Poisons.' Three days after it was published I was surprised to receive a telegram. Hastily tearing open the envelope I read the following message: 'Just read your able treatise. Shall be glad if you will dine with me to-night. My carriage will meet you at the station—Didsbury.'"

"Didsbury of Elton Towers!" I cried, involuntarily, and gave a whistle of amazement. Lord Didsbury! It was a chance that the most noted of my confreres would have jumped at.

"Bradshaw" informed me that it was a three hours' journey, and dining meant a long wait at the station. There would be just time to pack my bag and run round to acquaint Ellen with the news. Need I say that she was as excited over it as myself. Her whispered 'Good luck' was ringing in my ears all through the journey.

Alighting in due course at my destination I entered the waiting brougham, and was rapidly driven to the Towers. 'You are expected,' said the man who took my card. 'Come this way, and I will show you your room. His lordship dines at seven.'

By the time I had donned my evening clothes the man reappeared and ushered me into the spacious dining-room. An old gentleman, with snow-white hair, was leaning on the mantelpiece before the fire. He turned at my entrance, and I was immediately struck with the corpse-like pallor of his cadaverous face. It needed no second glance to tell me that this man was ill.

Crossing over to him I took his extended hand. It was limp and cold, and his fingers seemed powerless to exert the slightest pressure. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Richmond,' he said weakly. 'Pray be seated. Johnson, you may serve.' The dinner was perfect, and, feeling hungry after my journey, I did justice to it. His lordship, however, took nothing. He sat back in his chair breathing stertorously, his eyes glaring into vacancy, and, after attempting conversation that produced no answer, he claimed his aberration. I gave it up. He seemed utterly exhausted in mind and body.

It was a somewhat trying experience, and I was not unthankful when I found myself assisting him back to the fireplace. He motioned the servant to leave the room.

"My lord," I said, when we were alone, "I do not know whether you wished to consult me in my professional capacity, but your condition—"

"I know it!" he interrupted, querulously. "I want you to listen. . . . Three months ago I was as hale and hearty as any man of my age. To-day I am what you see me—a physical wreck. Carter—my medical man—could have me believe it is only what is to be expected in short that I am breaking up. He's a fool! I tell you no man understands his own body better than myself. A man does not break up in a few short weeks like this, and I have been studying myself for years. It was all incomprehensible to me until this morning I read your paper, Richmond, if you had studied my case you could not have described the symptoms clearer."

His utterance came disjointedly, as if every word was an effort. To say that I was astonished would be to put it mildly.

"My lord!" I cried, amazedly, "you mean—?"

"As true as heaven's arch is over us," he whispered, solemnly, "I believe that I am being slowly poisoned."

I was not unprepared for the announcement, for, truth to tell, the suspicion had been with me as I watched him at the table.

"Pray, sir," I said, bending towards him and taking his wrist. My examination and questioning made suspicion conviction. There was not the least doubt of it. He was suffering from the cumulative

effect of a certain drug I had described in my paper."

"It's true, then," he said, reading my face. "I know it, I know it. I have known it for weeks. Good heavens! It is horrible! I am, and always have been, an abstemious man. When the certain addition for the post, the thought that I might assist him in his career decided me, and the next train carried me to my situation. Lord Didsbury was apprised of my condition, so the ground was made easy for me."

I must have played the part well, for no suspicion as to my real character entered into the minds of my fellow servants. My explicit instructions were to discover how the poison was administered, and immediately on my arrival I set my woman's wits to work to read the riddle. Association with the servants convinced me that none of them were taking a hand in the dastardly business. The poison had been devised by some more subtle brain. His lordship gave me every opportunity, but though I observed him closely for three days I could discover nothing, and every day he had been compelled to have recourse to the antidote.

The fourth day Captain Dugard arrived on one of his flying visits. The wife was indisposed, he said, and he had left her at Mentone. His manner with his lordship struck me as like nothing else than that of a cringing sycophant. There was a cringing look in his face when he watched the old man tottering about the room that made me insensibly think of a tiger stalking its prey.

He left in the evening with a smile on his face. Previous to his going, however, he appeared to me in the hall, and, slipping a small package into his hand, said: "You might see that this is placed on the old man's table, will you? They're his special nibs. You know what a faddist he is over them. Won't write with anything else. I forgot to give them to him at the moment, and almost immediately it passed out of my mind. It was the next morning when his lordship came into the library and, sitting at his desk, took up his pen that its significance dawned on me. I saw that fresh stationery was laid out every day, and, forgetting his punctiliousness in the matter, I had neglected to insert a new nib in his penholder. With an ejaculation of annoyance he drew the old one out of the pen and replaced it with the new one. He placed it in his lips to moisten it, as one naturally is in the habit of doing to cause the ink to flow easily.

Like an inspiration sent from Heaven the solution of the mystery revealed itself to me, and I dashed forward to arrest his hand. "The pen! the pen!" I gasped. He regarded me in silent amazement.

"What do you mean?" he said, presently. "The secret is out at last," I cried. "I believe those nibs are poisoned!"

He started back in alarm and the pen dropped from his nerveless fingers on to the table.

"Merciful Heaven!" he quavered, staring at the pen on the table. Five minutes later the wire was flashing its message to Jim. His analysis fully confirmed my supposition. Every nib in the box had been immersed in a deadly poison. Its tastelessness had precluded discovery. Through the medium of his habit Lord Didsbury had unconsciously assimilated into his system a daily medium of drug.

That night his lordship wrote to his son-in-law. What he wrote is known only to himself and his would-be murderer.

Some months afterwards the body of a suicide bearing a strange resemblance to the Earl's was exposed for identification in the Paris Morgue. It was never claimed.

Lord Didsbury was not unmindful of the part Jim had played in plucking him from the jaws of death, and with him many things were possible. That is why the dream of 'fat fees and Haydock Street' has become such a pleasing reality.—London Tit-Bits.

SCREWS YOU CAN'T SEE.

The minuteness of some of the screws made in a watch factory may be measured by a statement that it takes nearly 150,000 of a certain kind to weigh a pound. Under the microscope they appear as tiny finished bolts.

The pivot of the balance-wheel is one two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and the gauge with which pivots are classified measures to the thousandth part of an inch. Each jewel hole into which a pivot fits is about one five-thousandth of an inch larger than the pivot to permit sufficient play. The finest screw for a small-sized watch has a thread of 200 to the inch, and weighs one hundred and thirty thousandths of a pound. A screw made of sapphire, ruby, or garnet are first sawed into slabs one-fiftieth of an inch thick, and are shellacked to plates so that they may be surfaced. Then the individual jewels are sawed or broken off, drilled and polished. The large round screw made in the convex side for an oil-cup. A pallet jewel weighs one one-hundredth and fifty thousandths of a pound. A roller jewel a little more than one two hundred and fifty-six thousandths. The large round hairspring stud is one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter and about nine one-hundredths of an inch in length.

CANAL WORKED BY A MODEL.

A most ingenious system is employed by which the director of the Suez Canal can tell at a glance the exact position of all vessels passing through it. A model is placed in the office of Port Said, and the whole canal is worked from headquarters by means of the telegraph. The position of each ship being marked by a sign on the model. It is thus possible to arrange for vessels passing each other.

About the ...House

SOME CRANBURY COOKERY.

Sauce—Add 1 cup boiling water to 1 qt carefully picked cranberries and cook slowly until the skins burst, then stir in 2 cups granulated sugar, and simmer 10 minutes longer. Turn into molds and let get cold. Cranberries cooked in this manner will jelly beautifully and are by many preferred with turkey to the strained jelly. Cooking too long develops a more acid taste, and will make the skins tough and indigestible.

Crabapple—One deep pasted pie dish with good apples and fill it with cranberry sauce cooked as in preceding recipe. Put several strips of puff paste across the top in lattice fashion and bake in a quick oven.

Fudding—Mix together 1 beaten egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and 1 cup chopped cranberries. Turn into an oiled mold, cover, and steam for 1 hour. Serve with any sweet liquid sauce.

Cranberry Pudding—Take 1 lb. of turkey, veal or roast beef with cranberry sauce cooked as in first recipe, sprinkle with grated crumbs, season lightly, add some little bits of butter, roll up and tie. Dip in melted butter, roll in seasoned crumbs (salt, pepper, minced onion and celery for seasoning), and brown lightly in a quick oven. Delicious for breakfast, lunch or tea.

CABBAGE RELISHES.

Fried—Chop cabbage fine, place in a frying pan containing 1 cup bacon dripping, 1 pt boiling water, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 pepper pod, salt to taste. Stir often, cooking until brown.

Poam—Slice a solid cabbage very thin. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1/2 or 1 cup good cream, according to size of cabbage, 2 teaspoons sugar. Stir vigorously with a fork and just before serving stir in as much clear vinegar as you have used of cream. Keep very cold.

Cold Slaw—Slice a solid head very thin. Season with salt, pepper and sugar. Stir in enough clear vinegar to have it real sharp.

Cream Slaw—Slice a solid head very thin. Place in the pan 1 tablespoon butter. When hot, put in the cabbage, with a very little water. Let simmer until thoroughly done. Beat 1 egg very light and stir in slowly, then 1 cup sour cream. Salt and pepper to taste.

Warm Slaw—Boil together the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons each sugar and sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter, and 1 cup vinegar. Pour this over finely cut cabbage that has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

FANCY CAKES.

Sublime Cake—Beat the white of 11 eggs to a stiff froth, add to them the yolks of 3 eggs well beaten and 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar well sifted, 1 cup lemon extract and 1 cup flour sifted five times, with 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Bake in a moderate oven in 2 cups greased pans. Place the pan upside down for cake to cool slightly lifted on one side, and it will drop out or can be easily removed by slipping a knife around the edges when cold.

Rose Cake—Two cups powdered sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, whites of 6 eggs beaten stiff, 1/2 cup butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Color part of the dough pink, flavor with rose, and bake in layers, two white, the middle one pink. Make a filling of icing, and put with roses made as follows: While the icing is still wet, arrange candied leaves in a circle, letting them overlap a little. Three layers make about right. Leave a small circle in the center, into which drop the yolk of hard-boiled egg pulverized. It will stick while frosting is wet and a little care will make the imitation of roses perfect.

VARIOUS RECIPES.

Green Corn Pudding—Draw a sharp knife through each ear of corn lengthwise, then scrape out the pulp. To one pint of this corn add one pint of milk and one pint of cream, three eggs, thoroughly beaten, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one-half cup of flour, and one-half cup of milk, stirring continuously until it thickens.

Foamy Pudding Sauce—Cream half a cupful of butter, add a cupful of powdered sugar and flavor with vanilla. Set aside until just before using, then add a fourth of a cupful of hot milk and the white of an egg beaten to a foam. Beat till light and foamy.

Spiced Grapes—Take seven pounds of fruit, three and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and grated nutmeg. Pulp the fruit, boil in the vinegar until soft, press through a colander, add the skins, sugar and spices; let boil an hour, stirring occasionally until it thickens.

Canning Grapes Whole—Pick only sound grapes off the stem, being very careful not to break the skins. Fill cans with grapes, then cover with cold water, put over a kettle of boiling water, and let them cook until grapes are heated through. Carefully turn off all juice and fill with hot syrup in thick glass canisters. They are delicious.

Jelly may be made by taking the same proportions of juice as are used for crab apple jelly.

HOW TO PRESERVE FERNS.

Washers, during a walk through the woods, are careful of ferns, selecting the most perfect ones, lay smoothly between newspapers and put to press under a trunk. These may so remain until returning to the city. Fill rose

bowls half of sand and stick these preserved ferns in them, placing them about your rooms, looking in a woody spot all winter, looking in a sunny spot all summer, and return to place. The smallest ferns may be used with fresh flowers for the table, or bouquet for the dress, says Harper's Bazar.

To make a pretty table fernery, make a hutch-box six inches wide, nine long—or round if you prefer it—and three inches deep. Paste cloth around the edges to prevent bits of earth from falling their way out. Plant in the box roots of green ferns, filling the spaces with green moss or "running pine." Sprinkle every day and keep in a cool place at night, and your table fernery will keep fresh and green all summer.

KNITTING AS A MEDICINE.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficiency in limbering up the hand of such sufferers. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis or any other affection of the fingers, that characteristic knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression. In certain sanitariums patients are enjoined to make use of bright needles, and the work is so pleasant that it is much enjoyed by them.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

It is said that two ounces of permanganate of potash thrown into a cistern where the water has become foul will purify it completely. Rusty iron articles, if left overnight in a bath of sour whey can be cleaned more easily than in any other way, according to an exchange.

Tomatoes may be canned at home by paring them without scalding or cutting, putting them in a kettle on the back of the stove and letting the water draw out slowly. When there is sufficient juice so they will not burn, let them cook till done, then can in the usual fashion. Use no water in them, or they will spoil.

Very few people dry sweet corn these days. But it is good for a change in midwinter, for it seems to have a different flavor from the canned.

Babies' knitted hoods, crocheted and knitted wool shawls, etc., can be nicely cleaned by rubbing them in dry flour.

A nice way to use hard pears is to "ginger" them. To two pounds of fruit allow two pounds of sugar and pint of water, with one ounce of tincture of ginger or its equivalent in fresh ginger root. Make a syrup of the sugar and water and cook the pears in it until transparent, but not until they break. The pears should be chopped into small pieces. Apples may be put up in the same way.

PIERPONT MORGAN.

What the Great Financier Looks Like.

Imagine a face which combines the chief characteristics of Bismarck, Cecil Rhodes and Lord Roberts, and you can get an idea of what Mr. Pierpont Morgan is like. There is not another face like it in the wide world. Like the two historical giants first mentioned, he is tall, bearing six feet in height, and fairly heavy. One's first impression of Morgan's countenance is that it is a fierce one, but a subsequent glance reveals an underlying good nature. It has enormous powers of expression, and is marked by strong lines.

Life has written a great story upon Pierpont Morgan's countenance, which tells of battles, hopelessness, hard fought, but won openhanded without dissimulation or subterfuge. Written in his countenance are his life secrets, hard work, indomitable will, tremendous powers of observation, and assimilation, elephantine toughness tempered by flexibility, and enormous, volcanic vitality.

Morgan does not conceal his emotions, nor does he attempt to do so. When pleased he signifies his pleasure by emphatic approval, if of a humorous kind by a hearty laugh. To look at him is to be almost caught the infection of his intensely energetic nature, and he infuses all with whom he comes in contact with his spirit.

Like most Americans, he smokes incessantly, large strong cigars. He eats much, drinks moderately, works hard, and sleeps hard.

The only sign of failing about him is his hair, which is growing thin. What remains, however, is crisp, bright, and silvery.

He is one of those huge masses of vitality which every now and again, as in cases of Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, and Cecil Rhodes, affect the destinies of their generation, and there is no living personality possessed of so much gigantic energy backed up by such colossal wealth.

A SURE SIGN.

In a Scotch rural district two boys were one day discussing what sign it was when the cuckoo is heard for the first time in the year. One of them said it was getting married, while the other said it was a sign that they were going to be rich.

A farmer, overhearing them, said: "That cannot be true, because I have heard it many times, and I am not married yet, and I am certainly not rich."

Just then a local worthy, known as Jamie, was passing by, and the farmer said:

"Jamie, can you tell us what sign it is when you hear the cuckoo for the first time?"

"Yes," said Jamie, as he took the pipe from his mouth. "It's a sign you're not dead."

SOME STARTLING TRIALS

ODD EXPERIMENTS FOR TESTING INVENTIONS.

Sixteen Hours in a Submarine Boat in 30 Feet of Water.

A diver, though supplied with all from the surface, and in communication with his crew in a boat above him, rarely remains under water for more than four hours at a time. The French naval authorities recently determined to subject their new submarine, the "Morse," to a summer trial of sixteen hours on end, says London Answers.

The "Naval," a previously built boat of the same type, had been submerged for twelve hours, and her crew had suffered frightfully. But the "Morse" was said to be better fitted with air.

The boat was sunk in harbor one gloomy winter day, and lay at the bottom of nearly 30 feet of water. The cold was intense, as it was impossible to

for any kind of fire. The silence, of course, was absolute, and the four men who composed the crew were as cut off from their fellows as though they had been in another world. The air became very charged with fumes of poisonous carbonic acid gas, and the men were obliged to frequently inhale oxygen, and rub their nostrils and lips with a pomade made of lime.

Minutes, said one of them afterwards, "seemed like hours." But the time at length elapsed, and the "Morse" pumped out the water from her tanks, and rose again to the surface, with all aboard safe and sound.

In their efforts to give the public confidence in their novel inventions, inventors frequently make startling trials of their apparatus. Mr. Probst, of Geneva, has devised a wonderful life-saving suit, which is made of indiarubber, and so buoyant that half the body of the wearer remains out of water. Air-pumps, kets hold water, and even tobacco pipes and matches, a trumpet for signaling, a torch, and a big knife with which to

or similar man-eaters. Nothing could be more thorough than the trial to which Mr. Probst has subjected his invention. He has spent seventeen days consecutively in the open sea off Havre, eating, and even sleeping, among the tumbling wave-crests.

Almost equally alarming was a test made recently of a new mechanical brake, for which its inventor, an engineer named Meares, claimed that it would stop a train travelling at fifty miles an hour within twenty yards. To test it, an old line leading to a disused railway in Lancashire was utilized. The rail was continued to the very verge of the pit-mouth, so that, if the brake failed, nothing could save the inventor from falling headlong into the depths beneath.

A large number of people gathered to watch the test. A light engine with Meares alone as passenger driver, and a passenger car, was worked up the track. To those who watched it seemed beyond belief that it could be pulled up in the given space. But, just as it seemed on the point of crashing into the black gulf, the inventor moved a handle, and, as if by magic, the engine stopped, with its front wheels not ten feet from the pit-mouth.

To prove that his newly-invented motor-cycle was the most powerful yet built was the reason of Mr. Lockinge's recent attempt to ride up the Penton Pass, in

THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS.

The pass is nearly three thousand feet in height, and in places only eight feet wide, with a drop of three or four hundred feet to the torrent below. Had the motor failed to work in such a place, rider and machine would probably have fallen headlong over the unprotected edge. As a matter of fact, the motor did fall, but fortunately stopped, with its front wheels not ten feet from the pit-mouth.

The terrible airship tragedy of May last was the result of an inventor putting too great confidence in the product of his hands. It was on Monday, May 12th, that the people living in the Avenue du Maine, in Paris, were aroused from sleep by a most appalling crash, followed by a glare of flame. Rushing out, they found the street blocked with the tangled remains, stacked and broken, of crushed and mangled forms, those of Senor Severo, of the Brazilian Parliament, and Suchet, his engineer.

Shortly after five o'clock that morning the inventor had started from Vaugirard in his brand new air ship, "Fax," for a first

TRIAL OF ITS POWERS.

At a height of 1,500 feet above the city the great balloon suddenly exploded, and it and its passenger shot downwards through the air. The test was the more foolish because the inventor had started from Vaugirard in his brand new air ship, "Fax," for a first

DENSEST POPULATION.

The Belgian Government has just issued a statistical report showing that the population of Belgium is the densest in Europe, there being 605 persons to every square mile, as against 410 in Holland and 349 in England. There are still over 11 per cent. of Belgian soldiers who can neither read nor write.

TOO MUCH BRAIN.

An abnormal amount of brain is not necessarily an unmixing blessing. A child of five years has just died of heat apoplexy, and the doctor who made a post-mortem examination stated that the boy's brain weighed 520 grs., that being heavier than the brain of an ordinary man.

IMPROVING OF OUR LANDS

SHALLOW CULTIVATION AND ROTATION.

By J. H. Grisdale, Agriculturist, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

For many years farmers in Eastern Canada were grain growers merely. Necessity forced the inception of such a system of agriculture. Habit and ignorance prolonged the practice of such farming. The wonderful strength, and seemingly inexhaustible fertility of the soil made its long continuance possible. The discovery of the possibilities of the Northwest, and the gradual exhaustion of our fields called a halt. Hence, for some years past change has been in the air.

Live stock farming, the system making the smallest demands on soil fertility, is rapidly supplanting grain growing. Parts of nearly every farm are now much better in condition than they were a few years ago; and, further, power, the wonderful productivity of the tremendous drain of grain exportation the average crop returns for Eastern Canada have gone up very considerably. But, as every farmer knows, even live stock farming is a long continued means a gradual loss of fertility unless considerable food other than that produced on the farm is fed to stock and the manure properly cared for and utilized.

This fact has led to a study of the methods for clover growing lost fertility and profitably cultivating soils so that "improved, rather than impoverished" may be the annual verdict.

It is impossible to discuss the subject exhaustively in such an article as this, but one plan of cultivation found to give good results is where the meadow or pasture is plowed in August, the sod being turned to a depth of 8 1/2 to 4 inches only. Immediately after plowing, if in a dry time, the land is rolled, then harrowed with a light harrow. It is then left untouched until grass and weeds start to grow when it is again harrowed, and then rolled to prevent the sod being disturbed. The harrowing or cultivating process is continued at intervals (as the weed seeds germinate) until October, when by means of a (8 plow gang) double mould-board plow the surface soil to a depth of about 4 inches is put into drills about 22 inches apart and 8 to 10 inches high. This is found to be a most satisfactory preparation of the soil for corn, roots or grain. Where grain is sown, the soil is ready for seeding at a considerably earlier date than where late fall plowing is practised.

If along with this system of shallow cultivation a proper rotation is adopted, most excellent results are sure to follow. As clover is the only crop which, while giving a profitable harvest still serves to enrich rather than to impoverish the soil, it is evident that clover should take a prominent place in August rotations in this country. With this fact in mind, a few rotations suitable for the improving of our lands may be offered, as follows:

Three-year rotation—(1) grain, (2) clover hay, (3) pasture.
Four-year rotation—(1) corn and roots, (2) grain, (3) clover hay, (4) hay or pasture.
Five-year rotation—(1) grain with 10 lbs. clover seed to plow down for fertilizers, (2) corn and roots, (3) grain, (4) clover hay, (5) hay or pasture.
Six-year rotation—Same as five year, but left one year longer in pasture.

The reason for surface cultivation and the use of such short rotations as given above is to increase the quantity of and place properly the chief factor making for soil fertility.

Dead vegetable matter exposed to moisture and warmth soon breaks down to a form called humus or black earth, the factors above mentioned. On a piece of newly cleared soil, contain immense quantities of this material. Exposure to heat and the intermixture of earthy matter serve to waste. Thus, repeated grain cropping with deep plowing provides the conditions best calculated to dissipate this matter most rapidly and most effectively.

The functions of this common, yet easily lost, substance are varied and important. Being, as anyone can find out for himself, of the nature of a sponge, it retains the moisture in a dry time, but will give up all its superfluous water to rapidly and harmlessly percolate to the lower soil layers.

It holds loose, porous solids together, and so otherwise loose sands become staple and provide a good root hold for plants. It renders dense, impermeable soils open and porous, permitting the free circulation of air and water and allowing the weak rootlets to penetrate the erstwhile impenetrable space in search of food.

In brief, it is the chief requirement of good plant growth. In our soils, it contains much plant food, since it is really vegetable matter, and a large percentage of this food is in available forms. It is also the medium of the elements of fertility into available forms. Further, it retains near the surface the dissolved plant food which must otherwise have sunk into the sub-soil.

The most important sources of humus on the average farm are farmyard manure and crop residues. Upon the proper application of use of these materials depends the future of Canadian agriculture.

luc soil is mellow and rich in humus. The crop produced by newly-cleared fields and prairie lands exemplify this, as does also the rank growth of plants in our forests, where the sub-soil is never stirred, or where the animals and smaller perennials must depend for their nourishment upon the surface soil almost exclusively. It would, therefore, seem to be clear that available plant food should be near the surface of our fields and that our face soil should be in particularly good physical condition of tilth. How to secure these two requirements of rapid, rank and desirable plant growth must, therefore, be a first consideration of every would-be successful farmer. Experiment and long practice seem to prove that shallow cultivation and some rotation, more especially the three-year or four-year in dry districts, and the five-year in increasing the most serviceable in increasing the humus in the surface soil, and so "improving the physical condition," which means "increasing the productivity" of our fields.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children of All Ages.

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy—and hungry. Get the little one right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritability, teething, colic, and all the ailments that plague the little ones. It contains no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, Woodmore, Man., says: "When our little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and night. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days my little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house and have since found them very useful when she was teething. I can truly recommend them for the ills of little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the smallest infant. The Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores, in boxes apart and 8 to 10 inches high. This is found to be a most satisfactory preparation of the soil for corn, roots or grain. Where grain is sown, the soil is ready for seeding at a considerably earlier date than where late fall plowing is practised.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Means by Which It May Be Exterminated.

As grasshoppers have again plagued farmers in Manitoba and the Northwest, it is opportune to remind farmers that "prevention is better than cure," and while it is too late to give advice that would undo the damage perpetrated this year by these pests, it is opportune to remind agriculturists that they have the remedy for next season almost wholly in their own hands.

As in 1900, the places in Manitoba where most injury has been done have been along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from McGregor past Melburne, Carberry, Douglas, Brandon, and Oak Lake to Routledge, and south by Pipestone, Lander, Hartney, and following the Souris river to Glenboro, and thence north-easterly to McGregor.

The recommendations for the destruction of grasshoppers are that farmers should promptly destroy the young insects in spring by burning them at night when they have collected on rows of straw which should be spread across fields for the purpose, then plough down stubble fields, constantly use hopper-doers, or poison the insects with a mixture of bran and Paris green. They are passionately fond of bran, and are easiest disposed of by placing it in spots ready of access and poisoning it.

It is highly important that farmers in the affected districts shall plough down all stubble this autumn or early next spring—this fall preferably.

The mixture of Paris green is compounded as follows:—Take one part of Paris green, add one part of salt which appears to make the bait much more attractive to the insects, and eleven parts of bran. Mix into a mash, adding as much water as the stuff will hold; then spread it in as small mounds as possible. A trowel or a thin piece of wood makes a handy distributor. The mixture should be made fresh and the spreading process be repeated every two days until the grasshoppers disappear. As the poison takes two or three days to kill the locusts they are able to fly some distance before dying. The full sized insects eat this mixture much more ravenously than the young ones; and it has never been known to fall where it has once been used. Recently it has been discovered by Mr. Norman Criddle and Mr. Harry Vane, of Awehe, Man., that horse droppings may be substituted for bran, and that the mixture is even more attractive to the grasshoppers. This mixture, also, has the very great advantage of costing nothing, while the bran is expensive in the West.

The efficacy of this remedy is vouched for by Dr. James Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist, of Ottawa; the Provincial Minister of Agriculture; Mr. McKellar, his chief clerk, and other equally practical and eminent authorities.

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, Ottawa, Sept., 1902

Young Husband— "Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions?" Young Wife (anxiously)— "Oh, I hope not! I took such pains with them; I even sprinkled them with Jockey Club before I put them in to take away the unpleasant odor."

Worn thin? Not Washed thin! That's so when common soap is used.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Mark.

LADY NICOTINE.

Wives Should Bless Husbands Who Smoke.

Not long ago a good woman wrote me that her husband was the best of men, that he was true and upright, and she wanted to tell her something that would make him abandon that habit of using tobacco. She admitted that he smoked outside when the weather was fine, and in the kitchen when storms drove him to that shelter. But, even so, she was afraid the smoke would creep through the cracks and doors and lurk in her curtains, says Grace Boyles.

I have known women like her before; and I want to help her, for she reminds me of a child carrying in its careless little fingers a pearl of inestimable value. Any moment it may slip from her foolish clasp and be gone forever. And I say to her and to all like her, "Go down on your knees and thank God for your husband with but one fault, and drag all your curtains down with you! Bid him come into the best room with his pipe; and then, while his blue wreaths rise to the ceiling and choke you and blind you shake out your half that its meshes may catch and hold them even as it held the fragrance of your wedding garland!"

That handsome young cavalier who spread his mantle for his queen to walk upon had ever the good and comfort of women at heart; and he never did a kinder thing for them than when he introduced to their quarrelsome lords the nerve soothing and temper tranquilizing weed from the

PLANTATIONS OF VIRGINIA.

It has made soft the way for the feet of women even as his cloak covered the path for his queen. The governments that send out troops have learned by experience that tobacco is a military necessity. With it men can bear hunger, cold and the sting of bullets. Even the venerable Queen came to understand that her kingdom-stretching depended on the tobacco pouch as well as on the sword. The London Lancet, and all medical authorities point out the virtues of the brown weed in times of stress and warfare, and the Indian has proved that the calumet and the lodge fires smoke best together.

Poor Charley Lamb tried to give up smoking because some one thought he should do so, and as he sat in the first cigar shop, looking at it with longing eyes, he said, mournfully:

For your sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die. Nobody knows how long he might have kept up the effort (I fancy not forever) had not a friend come to him and begged him to resume the habit if he intended to remain a

"Man," he said, "fill up your pipe. You write like a tobaccoless female!"

Had I four walls roofed in with love and called by that most meaningful name of "home," I would build an altar in the choicest room of my home, and keep it heaped with armfuls of her fragrant weed fetched by myself. I do not know what magic lurks within the plant, but I am convinced it is more potent than treaties to preserve domestic peace, and some day someone will christen it the "Happiness flower."

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Many and curious are the customs regarding brides. In Switzerland the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips.

In parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone in order to keep it warm for another bride, says the London Globe. The pretty custom of throwing the slipper originated in France. An old legend says that the marriage of King Louis XIII., passing on the way from church where he had just been married, took off her shoe, and flinging it at his coach, cried out: "Tis all I have, your Majesty, but may the blessings of God go with it." There is an old superstition in Germany against marriages in May. A favorite wedding day in Scotland is December 31, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year and begin their married life with the new one. The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, lest the marriage be cut off. It is our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One beautiful marriage custom is that of the bride, immediately after the ceremony, flinging her bouquet to her maidens. She who catches it is destined to be the next bride.

"Just a Little"

Pain neglected, may produce chronic rheumatism or Gout. Just a little headache may create Lumbago. Just a little Sprain sometimes makes a Cripple. Just a little Bruise may do a lot of damage. Just a little Nerveache may create Lumbago. Oil, applied in time cures promptly and permanently. Aches and Pains. Just a little caution: Just a little care. Yours of pleasure against yours of pain.

FOR THE SWEET TOOTH.

Ginger Cookies.—One half cup sugar, one cup molasses, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one-half tablespoonful ginger, one-half tablespoonful cinnamon, flour to roll.

Columbia Cakes.—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, four cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful lemon, one-half teaspoonful vanilla, one cup fine citron, one cup raisins, and cup currants, one cup coconut, bake in two loaves.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One heaping cup cranberries, cut in halves, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup cold water, one scant cup raisins, one teaspoonful flour, one teaspoonful vanilla, pour into one cup sweet cream, bent with one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, flavor to taste.

Centennial Cake.—Whites of three eggs, one-half cup butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-half cups of flour. Use the yolks of the eggs for frosting.

AT SMITH'S FALLS

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

So Weak He Couldn't Stand.—Terribly Broken Up and Unable to Find a Cure—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Smith's Falls, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—The cure of Mr. Theodore Young of this place is a wonderful example of the progress that medical science has made in the last few years.

Up till a short time ago the doctors claimed that Bright's Disease was absolutely incurable, and in fact there are a few who still adhere to this theory.

But Bright's Disease is not incurable. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it, and I have had a considerable number of cases cured by them. Those who are skeptical need not go farther than this town to find proof. Mr. Young makes this statement:

"I was afflicted for about two years with Kidney Trouble and chronic Bright's Disease. My urine was very dark and I lost considerable blood, making me so weak I could scarcely stand."

"After using the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I was much better, and when I had used four boxes I was able to resume work which I had not done for some time previous."

"I can conscientiously recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one afflicted as I was."

Mr. Young's case is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills came to the rescue after everything had failed. They have conquered Bright's Disease and restored to life and health men and women who had not expected to ever again enjoy this great blessing.

Dodd's Kidney Pills having demonstrated their ability to grapple with Kidney Disease in its very worst form—Bright's Disease—can certainly be depended on to cure any of the lesser forms.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

A LONDON MUTTON PIE.

Dr. Klein, one of the experts of the local government board, has been investigating pies on behalf of the department, says the London Morning Chronicle. "From an ordinary ham and beef shop, on two different occasions," he says in the report just presented to Parliament, two mutton pies and two tuppenny pies were bought and analyzed. None contained bacillus coli, or other colic-like microbes, and none contained the spores of any pathogenic anaerobe. But all contained the spores of mesenteric bacillus, and staphylococcus, and that of at least two different kinds; both of them non-liquefying, and non-pathogenic. And this is not the worst, for "there was isolated from one of the tuppenny pies a bacillus which, in morphological respects resembled the xerosis or pseudodiphtheria bacillus."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the author and proprietor of the "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR CURE" for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A.D. 1890.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the diseased mucous membrane of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sole and Exclusive Agents.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

LENGTHY COURTSHIP.

The longest courtship on record was that of Robert Taylor, postmaster at Scarva, Ireland. He courted his lady-love for fifty years and married her in 1872, when his age was 108. He died in his 134th year.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

The number of ships in the American whaling fleet has fallen in the past twelve years from 97 to 40, and much the same in the case with the Scotch whaling industry.

TO MAKE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Fessenden's Catarrh Tablets. All dry coughs, colds, and croup, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs, will be cured in one day.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Falling to get the girl you want you might as well be wedded to

MONSIEUR

CEYLON TEA. It can't refuse you and may be had at all Grocers. Lead Packets.



The Dawson Commission Co., Limited,

Can handle your APPLES, PEACHES, Pears, PLUMS, ONIONS, POULTRY (dead or alive) BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, to good advantage. Let us have your consignments, if you will pay us. Stamps and pads on application.

THE LONDON SEWER HUNTER.

The London sewer hunter before commencing operations provides himself with a bull's-eye lantern, a canvas apron and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end and some what in the shape of a hoe. For greater convenience the lantern is invariably fixed to the right shoulder, so that when walking the light is thrown ahead, and when stooping it rays shine directly to their feet. Thus accoutred, they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for anything unusual, the same time raking the canal by means of the pole and picking up from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, no matter what its value, provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, current coin of the realm and articles of plate and jewellery—all is good fish which comes to the hunter's net.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Germany employs 537,122 people on her railroads—that is nearly one per cent. of her entire population. There are 17 to every mile of line.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The 1,040 million gallons of beer Britain brews equals the total yearly production of America, France and Austria.

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children's teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures his colic, cures wind, cures all the latest remedies for children. It is the best remedy for children. It is sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and get the genuine and take no other kind.

Boys from reformatory institutions won three Victoria Crosses and ten Distinguished Service medals during the South African campaign.

Stems the common and works of the field. Extensive Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

John Skelton, who was born in 1460, was England's youngest Peer Laureate. He attained that distinction at the age of 29.

THE MANY ADVANTAGES

offered passengers bound for Buffalo and New York by the Grand Trunk's fast "New York Express," leaving Toronto 6.15 p.m. daily, are seen at a glance when the splendid and car service until Niagara Falls is reached, a cafe parlor car running through to Buffalo, and one of Pullman's finest sleeping cars from Toronto to New York guarantees patrons comfort and luxury as well as speed. The cars and the handsomest in America, being electric lighted and equipped with electric fans. City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

The coroner for Central London has to hold about 1,500 inquests a year. They are paid for at the rate of about 30 shillings an inquest.

A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR TICKET.

Mr. Holmes, the ticket agent at the New York Central Station, has sold a ticket from Pokopoke to Yokohama and return. This is a very unusual sale. The ticket was sold by Mr. Paul McCormack of this city and who proposes to cross the Pacific by the way of San Francisco about three weeks to cross the Pacific, the round trip cannot be made in less time than three months. And if Mr. McCormack takes in all of the interesting sights in the Orient he will prolong his stay much longer than that even. The sale of this ticket calls attention to the fact that travelers can be accommodated in purchasing transportation to any part of the world at the lowest rates. The ticket cost nearly five hundred dollars—From the Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Evening Enterprise.

WHOLESALE

Staple Clothing

Also PAINTS, KNICKERS, OVERALLS, SMOCKS, &c.

Ask your dealer for these goods—BEST EVER.

WYLD-DARLING

COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

MESSRS. C. O. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen.—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,

A. E. ROY.

Carriage maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

The largest bronze statue ever made was that of Louis XIV., erected in Paris in 1699. It weighed nearly 30 tons.

\$53.00 TO THE PACIFIC COAST,

from Chicago via the Chicago & North-Western R'y every day during September and October. One-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and various other points. Also special round-trip Homeseekers' tickets on first and third Tuesdays, August, September and October to Pacific Coast and the West. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or address B. H. Bennett, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

There are in the United Kingdom 48,000 cabs, which earn between them \$4 millions yearly.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The wholesale price of a pair of boots represents material, 85 parts; wages, 22 parts; profits, etc., 13 parts.

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Please catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write for many things in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited,

Toronto, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

HAVE A GOOD LIGHT

—BY USING—

Standard American Wicks

—AND—

Sarnia Lamp Oil.

Wholesale Only.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

MANUEL ROGERS, PROP. TORONTO.

NO HUMBUG

Human Hair and Skin

Human Hair and Skin

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The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER VI.

The earl was at home expecting Sir Raoul. He was shown into the library, and there in a few moments he was found by his kinsman. They met with outstretched hands and warm words of greeting, but the earl looked sorrowfully into his kinsman's face.

"You have suffered very much, Raoul," he said, quietly.

"Yes, and never thought to see you again. You are changed, too, Uric—I feel inclined to ask where is the sunny faced boy whom I loved so dearly?"

Lord Caraven laughed a little bitter laugh.

"The truth is, Raoul, I have not turned out very well. I may have been a good boy, but I have scarcely made a good man."

"A fault acknowledged is often half amended," said Sir Raoul.

"Yes," admitted the earl, carelessly; "but I feel no more inclined to amend—I half feel that I did."

"I hear wondrous news, Uric—that you are married. Is it true?"

The earl's face darkened, as it generally did when any mention was made of his wife.

"Yes," he replied, gloomily. "I am married. The fact is, I feel quite certain that I will not like my wife, and it annoys me."

"Like her?" echoed Sir Raoul.

"How strangely you speak! Certainly I shall do more than like her, your wife and my cousin. I tell you that the thought of seeing her is a positive pleasure to me."

With hasty steps Lord Caraven walked up and down the room. He seemed as though about to speak, but then stopped abruptly.

"Raoul," he said, "I am not good at keeping a secret. The truth is, I do not like my wife."

"You were compelled to marry her, then?" said Sir Raoul.

"It was either that or ruin—such ruin as would have left me penniless. I did hesitate, for some time, whether I should purchase a revolver or marry a woman."

"Was it as bad as that?" asked Raoul.

"Yes, it could not have been worse. Do not let me be a hypocrite, Raoul. That lesson would have lasted some men for their lives—it has not been sufficient for me. I do not think, honestly speaking, that I am one whit a wiser man than I was. The only thing is that fortune has been with me instead of against me."

"Poor boy," said Sir Raoul, pityingly; "we must hope for better things. Shall I see your wife to-night?"

"No, I think not. Lady Caraven has gone to Covent Garden—a favorite opera of hers is being played. She will not be home until late. You look very tired, Raoul—I should advise you to go to bed."

"I am rather disappointed," he said, at last, "I hoped that I should see my new kinswoman to-night."

He was disappointed. He fancied that Lord Caraven would never have spoken of her as he did if he had been what he seemed to be. He turned to his idea of the sweet companionship of a delicate, refined woman. Farewell to his idea of passing long, pleasant hours with the earl's young wife. He remembered that as a boy Uric had been devoted to the fair sex, and had often thought of her as a girl who would be a companion to him, and one to whom he would have fallen from his propensity to flirtation. He knew that his cousin had been called "the handsome earl," and the only satisfactory conclusion at which he could arrive was that the girl-wife must be dispensing in appearance.

Sir Raoul retired to his room, slightly disappointed and disenchanted. He could not sleep; bygone scenes in his own life rose before him. It was long after midnight when he heard the roll of a carriage, and then the soft rustle of a silken dress, as light footsteps passed his door.

"That is the young countess," he said to himself—my new cousin.

What was she like? After being at the opera she would not rise until late, he felt sure. He himself went down-stairs early. Sir Raoul liked the fresh morning air.

The first sound that fell upon his ears was the singing of a bird, and the next the falling spray of a fountain. He looked round. He found then what improvements had been made in Hally House. A conservatory had been built out from the breakfast-room, long and wide

—a conservatory that was almost an aviary, so full was it of bright-plumaged birds. A fountain stood in the midst, and a brilliant bloom glowed upon the walls.

"This was a welcome for the bride," thought Sir Raoul. "Perhaps, however, she has not much taste for flowers."

No one seemed to be about; the breakfast-table was prepared, but there was no one to preside. Sir Raoul looked round; he thought he would go through the conservatory, and perhaps by that time there would be some news of breakfast.

He opened the glass door, and walked through a fairy-land of sweet blossoms; the spray of the fountain fell with melodious music into the clear basin below.

"How beautiful!" thought the simple soldier.

He walked on until he saw a vision that suddenly struck him dumb. At the end of the conservatory was a large vine-wreathed door; the green leaves formed a perfect screen, and against them stood a figure such as Sir Raoul had never seen before and never afterward forgot—a tall, graceful, girlish figure—a figure that was all symmetry, with a slender, graceful neck, white arms, lovely shoulders, round, white arms, draped in an elegant morning dress.

The lady was standing with her face averted, so that he could not at first see it. He beheld a queenly head, covered with masses of black, shining hair. He stood for some minutes lost in admiration; and then with a deep sigh she turned slowly round.

If he had thought the figure beautiful, he was even more enchanted with the face. That it was the master-lender's daughter, young beauty, he did not doubt. He stood for a moment, gazing at her, and then he saw before him his cousin's wife never occurred to him. This beautiful girl was, of course, a visitor, like himself—one of Lady Caraven's friends, he thought to himself half sadly. It was not to be wondered at, with this glorious young beauty near to distract him, that the earl did not care for his wife.

He went forward to speak to her, and then for the first time she was conscious of his presence. She raised her dark eyes and looked at him. There are moments in life not to be forgotten—this was to look right into his heart, and he seemed to recognize the soul that shone through them. She walked up to him, still looking at him, as though drawn by magic to him, his eyes half smiling into the depths of hers. He bowed at her approach.

She looked at him for one half-minute into the warm, starred, noble face.

"I cannot be mistaken," she said, holding out both her hands in welcome. "You must be Sir Raoul, Laureston?"

"I am," he replied. "And you?"

"I am," she said, with a charming smile and a look of proud astonishment. "I am Lady Caraven."

The fair face was smiling at him, the lovely eyes were full of welcome, the ruby lips smiling kindly. It seemed to him that her whole heart was in the greeting she gave him. And Lord Caraven said that he did not like this most charming and lovely girl!

"You are looking very ill, Sir Raoul," she said; "you will want nursing and taking care of. You are going to remain here, to make your home with us?"

"I hope so," he responded, heartily. "I have no other home. This would indeed be one."

She had drawn nearer to him—so near that the delicate lace on her dress touched him.

"I am so glad," she said, in her sweet, quivering voice, "and you will really let me take care of you, as though you were my own brother come home from the wars?"

"Have you a brother?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I am an only child."

"And I have no sister. I have always wished for one. When I was a strong man who did not know what aches and pains meant, I used to wish that I had a woman's gentle mind and heart to guide me; when health and strength left me, when I became almost helpless, I longed for the gentle hands of a woman near me; but my longing was never gratified."

"You must let me take a sister's place," she said, gently. "You do not know what your coming means to me. It will give me what I need so sorely—an occupation. You will

—the excruciating pains.

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I thought of the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good."

"I was in a desperate condition and had given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cases that he cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber yards, and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

let me nurse you when you are ill, wait upon you, read to you—tend you in all ways?"

"I am afraid that you will spoil me, Lady Caraven. I will try to make you well and strong again. Do you really promise me that I may do this?"

His pale face flushed, and he said, "that you really embarrass me? I feel as though some fair young princess were coming to take charge of me. How can I thank you? It seems to me that the smile of my heart is gratified. I have a kinswoman to love at last."

She laid her hand on his arm and walked with him into the breakfast room.

"You ought not to have risen so early," she said; "and now you must atone for that by taking some of my tea. I pride myself on being a good tea-maker."

Looking at her he thought that, if she prided herself on her exquisite grace and her girlish loveliness, it would be only natural. He was perfectly charmed with her; she was modest and unaffected; there was a certain grace in her thought, kindly manner which made it impossible not to feel at home with her.

He was entirely so; and he smiled to himself. They were seated at the table as though they had known each other for years.

"How lovely," he said, "we are remiss. We are not waiting for Uric."

Her expression changed slightly, as it always did at the mention of her husband's name.

Sir Raoul never takes breakfast here," she said slowly. "Our hours are not the same."

"Then he is a bad judge," remarked Sir Raoul. "I would far rather take breakfast here than anywhere else in the world."

"He is not an answer, but he knew, if he only knew, the secret history of her life!"

That day passed so quickly and so pleasantly to Sir Raoul that he could not realize his new existence.

She brought him books and photographs; she talked to him and amused him; she made the time pass so quickly that he marvelled at her quick intelligence, her womanly wit. There was a touch even of genius in her noble, keen appreciation of art, in her passionate love of music, in her girlish little luncheon was brought to him, after which she insisted on his driving out with her.

Sir Raoul laughed.

"I shall begin to think that I am a carpet knight," he said.

"The hard work went before it," rejoined Mildred. "You will enjoy a drive. Sir Raoul—the sun is warm and the air is mild."

He sat by the side of the beautiful, tender-hearted, graceful girl, and they found a hundred objects of conversation. The fragrant air, the warm sunbeams, the beautiful face, the sweet, caressing voice, all grateful to him, every gift the world could bestow lavished on them, yet miserable because they did not love each other—husband and wife, sworn to love and honor each other, yet further apart than strangers—even disliking each other! It seemed to him pitiful.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I could do anything? If I could only restore peace and harmony to them. I should not have lived in vain."

The first dinner-bell had rung when the earl returned, and Sir Raoul did not see him until dinner-time. Lady Caraven was the first to enter the drawing-room, where Sir Raoul was waiting. She looked very lovely in her evening dress. It was of white—white that shone and gleamed—with picturesque patches of scarlet. She wore scarlet and white flowers, with a suit of opals. He had thought her beautiful before, but now, with her hair so black and wavy, and her eyes so blue and deep, she looked, he thought, magnificent.

Then the earl came in. He passed shown, she looked, he thought, magnificent. She looked, he thought, magnificent. She looked, he thought, magnificent.

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"No she is," he replied.

"Soldiers are pretty good judges—they are the women of many lands believe me when I say that I have never met or seen a more beautiful woman than your wife."

"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" quoted the earl. "I am glad you think so. I do not admire her style of beauty. If any one else does, so much the better—I do not object. There is the bell. Isn't it dreadful that the sound of the dinner-bell has a greater charm for me than the discussion of a lady's beauty?"

Then he set to work resolutely to watch her, to see if in any respect she was deficient. He could not discover anything. She took her place with consummate grace. She was well versed in all the etiquette of the table; she was a charming hostess. He saw, too, that, with all her wealth and all her beauty, she was an excellent mistress of the household; her servants were well trained and obedient.

"I do not see myself," thought Sir Raoul, "what more Uric can desire."

He could detect no fault in her; but he did stop to wonder what their dinner must be like when they were quite alone.

The earl might have guessed the nature of his thoughts, for he said suddenly:

"We had some friends coming to-night, but I postponed their visit, thinking that you would be tired, Raoul. We never dine alone."

The young countess made no remark. Sir Raoul saw that she had plenty of self-control; no matter how sarcastic or bitter her husband was, she was never provoked. He saw that she had a great deal of self-control; no matter how sarcastic or bitter her husband was, she was never provoked.

"She has that virtue," he said to himself, "self-control—and it is a sure foundation for many others."

(To Be Continued.)

DEADLY COD TRAPS.

Fisheries Said to Be in Danger of Serious Injury.

Some anxiety is felt concerning the future of the fisheries of Newfoundland, in which more than five-sixths of the adult male population of the island are employed in one way or another. The danger altogether due to the system of cod traps which is allowed along the shores.

It is said by those who have studied the problem scientifically that these traps should never have been allowed and that the great destruction of young fish which results from their use will kill the industry before many years have elapsed. It is now some fifteen years since the traps were introduced and they have almost entirely superseded the old method of hook and line in taking cod.

The law requires the meshes of these traps to be four inches in diameter, but they are often much smaller and as a consequence kill a large quantity of small fish, many of which are unmarketable. This destruction of immense numbers of immature fish that is the principal objection to the traps.

They are also utterly destroying the salmon fishery. The salmon nets have a mesh of from five to six inches, which easily lets through the small salmon of about four pounds that abound upon these coasts, while the cod traps scoop them all up, sometimes as many as 300 salmon being caught at one sweep of a cod trap.

It is declared that the only way to save the colony is to return it to hook-and-line fishing for cod and to abolish the traps, and also the bottom trawls which lie on the bottom and kill the mother fish.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every case of piles, no matter how long standing and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Send for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you will get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

PRINCE OF WALES DIADEM.

Perhaps the most remarkable headgear which the coronation preparations brought forth is not the King's crown, but that of the Prince of Wales. This diadem has been generally ignored, which is excusable, as it has never figured among the regalia at the Tower, and was only once worn by King Edward, and then in India on the occasion of his great Durbar at Delhi. It resembles a bird's nest, but its apex bears a tuft of feathers tipped with gold. These are the tail feathers of the ferriah, which is the rarest member of the family of the bird of paradise. As the ferriah is not only uncommon but also frequents the haunts of the greatest danger and difficulty. Moreover, it must be caught alive and the feather plucked from the tail of the living bird, as instantly after death the plumage loses its lustre. Hence it is not remarkable that the Prince of Wales' feathers took 20 years to collect, cost the lives of a dozen hunters and are worth £10,000.

THE LOVE OF MOTHERS.

Among the lower animals the mother's love for her offspring lasts only until the offspring are able to shift for themselves. The hen will not fight for her downy chicks, but when they become feathered and commence to do their own foraging the mother hen becomes indifferent to them and thinks only of hatching another brood. The mare loves her foal and the cow her calf only during the suckling period. Canine dogs cease to show affection to their progeny after the puppy age. So through the entire animal kingdom below the human species, the maternal instinct endures only while the young ones are helpless and needy when they have grown up. How different is the love of a human mother for her children. That love never dies, and seems to grow more intense according as the children become more and more worthy and capable. The black sheep is often the best beloved.

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ON THE FARM.

DAIRY CLEANLINESS.

If a man goes into the stable and remains but a few minutes, and then goes into the house, the woman will tell him where he has been; his clothing has absorbed the stable odor.

Milk will absorb odors as readily as clothing, and if milking is done in a filthy or ill-ventilated stable, or if milk is exposed to objectionable odors, it must suffer in quality. For this reason, and because cows should breathe pure air, it seems absolutely necessary that stables be kept comparatively clean and that a system of practical ventilation be connected with each cow's stall.

The milk of a large proportion of patrons has a black sediment at the bottom. This indicates that the dirt and dung on the udder are allowed to drop into the pail. This fifth carries with it injurious germs.

To produce milk requires a big investment—a farm, buildings, cow utensils, etc., the cows must be fed 365 days in the year; they must be milked twice a day. Look at the investment of money and labor required to produce the milk; then, because of a little carelessness in the last act of production, we allow the quality to suffer. We foolishly tear down with one hand what we have built up with the other; we produce an impure article of food where with the same expense we could produce a superior article.

The cost of milk lies in the food and labor; it costs nothing to keep it and impurities out of it, yet I believe that more than 80 per cent. of the patrons of creameries are, as a rule, furnishing milk that contains filth and stable odors. Thus the paramount duty of the patrons is almost entirely neglected.

The duty of patrons next in importance is to see to it that their factory is so complete as to permit economical, high grade work. They should study the construction, equipment and sanitation necessary for thorough work; they should be willing to pay for such work, and insist on having it.

A set of patrons can have any kind of factory they desire if they will work together intelligently; they have a right to insist on their demands if they are willing to pay for what they demand.

EXAMINE SEED WHEAT.

The matter of securing good seed wheat is doubly important this season because of the fact that in many places the grain was damaged in the shock. Some of the kernels sprouted and others were injured by heating because of being placed in the bin while damp. Wheat threshed early and put into the granary before the heavy rains came, will probably germinate readily. It will be advisable, however, to run it through a fanning mill and remove all light, shrunken and small kernels. This should always be done, but the present season a special effort should be made to get rid of the kernels that might not germinate.

Where wheat was raised on in the shock or stack, and where some of the kernels sprouted, the problem is a very serious one. Careful examination shows that occasionally a kernel which has started to grow will upon being placed in proper conditions develop a stool of wheat. However, if the sprout has been rubbed off in threshing, or in fanning, the germinative power is destroyed. Then, too, if the sprouts attain any considerable length, say 3 inches, there is very little hope of getting any growth at all. In other words seed wheat that was injured in the shock by rain or in the bin from heating, is a very unreliable seed. In no case should it be used if any other kind can be secured. If it must be sowed, fan very carefully, test the germinating power and increase the amount used per acre accordingly. For instance, if 10 per cent. of the kernels fail to germinate sow one-tenth more seed per acre.

By far the best method this year is to secure seed that was not raised upon, or to use seed from last year's crop. There is still some old wheat in the country and the wise farmer will use every endeavor to get hold of as much of this as possible.

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THE GAMBLING DAIRYMAN.

First be sure of your cows and then there will be no gambling with them. Don't guess about your cows, but study them and then you will know better than another. Raise your own calves from the best ones. If you go at it right, there is no gamble in raising the calves. Get a good bull to start with and don't let him run with the cows, for you never know when you will have a runt calf to dry them off. Take pains with the calves. Keep the milk pails from which they drink and their stables clean and you will have little or no trouble with scours.

Too many farmers start their calves in the spring and by fall they have a runt calf. Then it is put in a cold stable and fed on the poorest hay. Two years of this feed and care and you have a poor cow to start with and one that never will be a good one. The calf should have the best kind of food and care from the start. It will be no gambling about the cow.

Feed the cows regularly, and give plenty of pure water to drink. Don't milk one day at 6 p.m., the next day at 5 and the day after at 8, in order to get off somewhere for a meeting. Don't leave your cows out of doors over night in the storms of October. It will chill them and they will not do so well. Don't let them get at apples in the fall so they will get drunk. Keep the fences up so they will stay in the pastures and not cut their teeth getting through wire fences.

HENS PAY FOR GROCERIES.

During 26 years the proceeds from the eggs have supplied almost all the groceries for a large family on a farm of about 100 acres, writes Jas. A. Patterson. I have paid out in cash during that time only \$200, or an average of \$7.69 a year. Besides, all the linen and taweling were provided for the household. Can anyone beat that? We never sold a broiler during all that time, but had the good of them ourselves, while many of the neighbors sold theirs and had scanty board.

ANCIENT BRACELETS FOUND.

Four magnificent bracelets belonging to the Queen of King Zer, who reigned nearly 5000 B.C., were among the discoveries made by Prof. Petrie while excavating at Abydos, Egypt, last year. The workmanship of these is most ingenious and delicate. The finest bracelet is formed of alternating plaques of gold and turquoise, each surmounted with the royal hawk and panted to imitate the front of the tomb or pylon. This bracelet consists of thirteen gold and fourteen turquoise plaques in the form of a facade, whereupon was inscribed the name of the queen. The gold was worked by chisel and burnishing. The second bracelet had a centerpiece of gold, with amethyst and turquoise beads and bands of braided gold wire. The fastening of the bracelet was by loops and button of a hollow ball of gold, with a shank of gold wire fastened in it. The third bracelet is of spiral beads of gold and lazuli, in three groups. Making the fourth bracelet are four groups of hourglass-shaped amethyst between gold, with connections of gold and turquoise.

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Forecast of the Great Ceremony Which Will Take Place at Delhi, on New Year's Day, 1903

What words of omen are to
reads? Whence this echo of
proclamation whose sweet
tones still linger fondly in
memory?
" . . . In your prosperity
our mightiest strength, in y
tentiment our deepest secur
your happiness our highest a
With the last lingering

PREPARING POTATOES

A few drops of ammonia to a quart of water sprinkled on the roots of house plants will produce an abundant growth.

In bottling pickles boil the jars and while hot you can press the food in the bottles, and when cold are sealed tightly.

Hint for an Emergency.—In case of choking, instantly put your hand into the throat and feel if you can

No Danger—“My dear,” said Mrs. M. Finney to her husband, do wish you would not go to the house in your fifteen-loven. I will think your father worked living.” They won’t when know his son.

St. Paul’s Cathedral is insured ten different offices. The amount about \$475,000.

"What, on earth are you trying to

The plan is to rub them on a piece of paper, a folded newspaper, a envelope, a ticket. The silica paper acts like sand-paper.

The recent eruption has rid the slopes of the fer de lance, the deadly snake in the world. Varieties were known, all of them venomous.

1

Mrs. Havers (looking up from letter)—I'm so glad we sent to boarding school. I know would make his mark. He says is considered one of the best sars. Mr. Havers: Let me see letter. Why, that isn't school it's 'scullers'!

—

At Reculver the cliffs were eroded until a church, two miles inland, was placed, this church, however sparsely, forming a "tail" for sailors, and finally in charge of the light he therefore had a sea wall and prevent the destruction of the church.

FAIR OF COURTESY

No Danger— "My dear," said y Mrs. McFinnsey to her husband to wish you would not go about house in your shirt-sleeves. I'll will think your father worked f living. "They won't when know his son."

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PUT GRASS IN TOWN

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would fetch the enormous price

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1903.

Now is the time when the departmental stores of Canada are sending out sacks full of their catalogues, intended to allure the citizens of towns, villages, etc., into purchasing of them, to the detriment of the local merchants, and usually not to the benefit of their own pockets. Our advice is: Stand up for your own town.

The corundum mines in North Hastings and South Renfrew are being worked with increased energy. They are now turning out about two and a half tons of pure corundum a day, and their deposits promise well. There is said to be more corundum in that district than in all the rest of the world. Corundum is displacing emery for all abrasive uses.

If you buy a return ticket on any Canadian railway, and after having travelled a part of the journey change your mind and sell the return part of the ticket, the railway company can put you in goal. That is Canadian law. You can be arrested like a thief, not merely summoned to court. At Toronto recently two Americans were fined \$20 and \$25 respectively for this crime, which is no crime at all, only parliament at the demand of the railway magistrates has declared it a crime. In the States such an outrageous law has not been enacted, so these Americans were consciously innocent of any wrong-doing. How long will such a law remain on our statute books?

The Model Students Literary Society, of Madoc, was organized recently, with Mr. Fred Ashley as President.

Mrs. Mary Gay, aged 100 years, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Wesley Bullen, Belleville, on Saturday last.

Mr. T. S. Carman's steam yacht, *Carman*, was burned at her dock at Belleville on Sunday night. The yacht was valued at \$7,000. Insured for \$3,200 on yacht and \$500 on contents.

Dr. Dyer, of Albert College, Belleville, returned from the General Conference at Winnipeg on Saturday, and was given an enthusiastic welcome by the students, showing the high esteem in which he is held. The College has now the largest attendance in its history.

The executive committee of the county council have decided to build a new brick building north of the registry office to use for vault rooms and to contain an office for the County Crown Attorney. A plant will be installed to heat all the county buildings.

Judge's court of revision of voters' list for Marmora village was the quietest in recent years. A few M. F. voters were added, some absent ones struck off, and a number of young men placed back to part three of list.—Herald.

Bancroft Times: The Boldrick brothers bagged 67 ducks at Conroy's marsh last week, and another party composed of Messrs. E. A. Wootton of Maynooth, H. Wootton of Montreal, and B. O. Lott secured nearly one hundred.

The board of the Marmora Methodist church have decided to build an addition to the church in the form of a transept. The wing on each side will be 20 x 80, one of which will be used for Sunday School purposes. The work will cost between two and three thousand dollars, and will bring the building up to date in every respect. Mr. Gilfen, of Belleville is the architect.—Herald.

According to reports from Madoc there promises to be a lively time over the notorious quarantine case at Bancroft some time ago. D. Mumby was quarantined for smallpox at Bancroft by Madoc Town Council Board of Health on recommendation of Drs. Harrison and Harper. Miss Filton, sister of Mumby, is suing Madoc township for some \$200 for work, etc., in attending to the patient. A good deal of newspaper discussion occurred at the time between Dr. Harrison and Mrs. Filton, with the result that now, according to reports, she is entering an action against the doctor for slander. The case will likely come up in November, and will no doubt create a great deal of interest.

The Methodist General Conference at Winnipeg closed its sessions on Friday last.

William Rogers, a G. T. R. section-man, was crushed to death between two cars at Lindsay.

Gen. Botha has received \$1,000,000 in aid of the destitute Boers from Arthur White, an American.

There are 16,000 wounded Boers, according to Gen. Botha, who are incapable of working and require assistance.

Dr. J. H. Tennant of London, Ont., is fighting an outbreak of hog cholera at Tilbury East. He had nearly 900 hogs killed.

Shelburne Economist: "You will no doubt have noticed that it is miserably cold and that it is 26 below for nothing—and that when it is, it is the other fellow that gets it."

The merchants of Leamington find that their profits are so small that they cannot afford to continue the credit system any longer, and are now contemplating forming a union to sell only for cash.

The old Parliament buildings on Front street, Toronto, have been sold for a sum in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The purchaser must remove all material by July 1.

A Detroit woman is suing a saloon-keeper for making a drunkard of her 19-year old boy. She asks \$50,000 damages. The case is attracting a good deal of attention as it involves a very important principle.

Over four million working days were lost to the wage earners of Great Britain through strikes and lock-outs last year. The utter wastefulness of such a method of arranging differences is made clear by the statement that this represents the industry of a thousand men for nearly fourteen years.

North Hastings Fair.

Continued from page 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLASS D.

Bread, home made, 1 M F Sullivan, 2 Wm McCann, 3 C M Anderson.
Honey in comb, 1 R McMurter, 2 M F Sullivan.
Clump, 1 John Rodgers, 2 Ben Hagerman.
Set Horse Shoes, 1 Montgomery & Lanktree, 2 R B Jones.

CLASS Q—DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, roll, 1 M Bryant, 2 W H Phillips, 3 Wm McCann.
Butter, keg or jar, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Lillie Seeley, 3 W H Potts.
Factory Cheese, white, 1 A W Free, 2 W Latta, 3 T J Thompson.
Factory Cheese, colored, 1 S H Brown, 2 W Latta, 3 T J Thompson.
Judges—Morden Bird, A. E. Bailey.

CLASS R—ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Winter Apples, 1 R Good, 2 T J Thompson, 3 W H Phillips.
Apples, King, 1 G A Boulton, 2 W H Phillips, 3 R Good.
Apples, St. Lawrence, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 Wm Bush, 3 R Lanigan.
Apples, Mann, 1 W H Phillips, 2 T J Thompson, 3 R Good.
Apples, Earl Pippins, 1 W H Phillips.
Apples, Snow, 1 Ben Hagerman, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 W H Phillips.
Apples, Northern Spy, 1 W H Phillips, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 Mary Leslie.
Apples, Golden Russet, 1 W H Phillips, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 B Hagerman.
Apples, Tallman Sweet, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 M Bryant, 3 B Hagerman.
Apples, Alexander, 1 G A Boulton, 2 T J Thompson, 3 W H Phillips.
Apples, any variety, 1 G A Boulton, 2 R B Jones.
Pears, 2 Wm Bush, 3 W H Potts.
Grapes, Concord, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Grapes, Niagara, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Grapes, Rodgers, No. 15, 1 W A Ketcheson.

CLASS S—GRAIN AND SEEDS.

No. 4, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Grapes, Delaware, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Grapes, Virginias, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Grapes, Brighton, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Cauliflower, 1 C M Anderson, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 R B Jones.
Tomatoes, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 E T Caverley.
Cabbage, red, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 Wm McCann.
Cabbage, white, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 Wm McCann, 3 C M Anderson.
Blood Beets, 1 T J Thompson, 2 C M Anderson, 3 W A Ketcheson.
Red or Yellow Onions, 1 R B Jones, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 G L Burkitt.
Parsnips, 1 R B Jones, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 A W Free.
Water Melons, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Citruses, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Celery, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Pumpkins, 1 W H Phillips, 2 E T Caverley, 3 R Good.
Squash, 1 Robert Reid, 2 R Good.
Sugar Beets, 1 A W Free, 2 T J Thompson, 3 Wm McCann.
Table Carrots, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 A W Free, 3 C M Anderson.
Canned Fruit, 1 G A Boulton, 2 W H Potts, 3 R B Jones.
Judges—W. C. Reid, A. M. Reid.

CLASS T—ROOTS AND OTHER HORN CROPS.

Five Wheat, 1 G A Boulton, 2 Alex Farrey.
Fall Wheat, red, 1 Robert Reid, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 R Good.
Fall Wheat, white, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Alex Farrey.
White Russian Wheat, 1 R Good, 2 C M Anderson, 3 B Hagerman.
Oats, black, 2 A Farrey.
Oats, white, 1 Murney Coulter, 3 E T Caverley.
Rye, 2 R Good, 3 C M Anderson.
Six-rowed Barley, 1 R Good, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Mary Leslie.
Buckwheat, 1 R Good.
Field Peas, small, 1 R Good.
Field Peas, large, 1 R Good.
Judges—C. J. Boldrick and G. Dreyer.

CLASS U—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Flannel, all wool, 1 R McMurter, 2 W H Phillips, 3 M F Sullivan.
Hannel, cotton warp, 1 R McMurter, 2 M F Sullivan, 3 W H Phillips.
Rag Carpet, 1 W H Phillips, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Robert Reid.
Home Made Carpeting, 1 R McMurter, 2 W H Phillips, 3 C M Anderson.
Kersey, home made, 1 R McMurter, 2 P Farrey, 3 M F Sullivan.
Patch Work, in cloth, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 A H Free, 3 W H Phillips.
Tartan, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 A W Free, 3 C M Anderson.
Rug, quilt, 1 C M Anderson, 2 R B Jones, 3 Wm Bush.
Coverlet, home made, 1 R Reid, 2 M F Sullivan, 3 H Reid.
Horse Blankets, home made, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 Wm McCann, 3 R McMurter.
Woman's Shawl, home made, 1 J H Reid, 2 R McMurter, 3 M F Sullivan.
Woman's Woolen, 1 Wm McCann, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 G A Boulton, 3 R Reid.
Socks, 1 R B Jones, 2 R Reid, 3 R Lanigan.
Collars, plain knit, 1 R Reid, 2 R McMurter, 3 W H Phillips.
Judges—Mrs. E. Lanktree, and Mrs. C. W. Thompson.

CLASS V—LADIES' WORK.

Arrasene Work, 1 W H Phillips, 2 A W Free, 3 Wm McCann.
Applique, 1 Robert Reid.
Braidings, 1 M Coulter, 2 R Reid, 3 C M Anderson.
Berlin Wool Work, raised, 2 Lillie Seeley, 3 R McMurter.
Hatterberg Lace, 1 M Bryant, 2 A W Free, 3 N Lanktree.
Bulgarian Work, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 Wm McCann.
Embroidery or Soft Afghan, 1 C M Anderson, 2 Robert Reid, 3 N Lanktree.
Chenille Work, 1 Robert Reid.
Crazy Quiltwork, 1 M Bryant, 2 N Lanktree, 3 Robert Reid.
Crochet, skirt, wool, 1 N Lanktree, 2 Robert Reid.
Crochet, shawl, wool, 1 R McMurter, 2 C M Anderson.
Crochet, lace, col. of cotton, silk, linen or wool, 1 yd. samples, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 Robert Reid, 3 W H Phillips.
Centre Piece, 1 C M Anderson, 2 Lillie Seeley, 3 W H Phillips.
Boyleys, collection, 1 M Bryant, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Robert Reid.
Braided Work, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Aaron Ashley, 3 M Bryant.
Embroidery, 1 piece, 1 C M Anderson, 2 W H Phillips, 3 Robert Reid.
Embroidery, lace or net, 1 R Reid, 2 C M Anderson, 3 W H Phillips.
Embroidery, cloth or hannel, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Wm McCann, 3 R McMurter.
Embroidery, in cotton, 1 R Reid, 2 N Lanktree, 3 A W Free.
Five o'clock Tea Cloth, 1 W H Phillips, 2 C M Anderson, 3 M Bryant.
Hair Pin Lace, 1 Y M Anderson, 2 A Ashley, 3 Robert Reid.
Honiton Lace, 1 M Bryant, 2 Robert Reid.

Knit Work, 1 C M Anderson, 2 Wm McCann, 3 R McMurter.
Knitted Shawl, wool, 1 A W Free.
Knitted Lace, col. of cotton, silk, linen or wool, 1 yd. samples, 1 C M Anderson, 2 Robert Reid, 3 R McMurter.
Mitts, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Coulter, 3 R McMurter.
Mount Mollack Work, 1 Wm McCann.
Nodding, silk, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Bryant, 1 Aaron Ashley.
Nodding, cotton, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Bryant, 3 A W Free.
Needle Work, 1 M Bryant, 2 W H Phillips, 3 Robert Reid.
Outfitted, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Lillie Seeley, 3 W H Phillips.
Pin Cushion, fancy, 1 C M Anderson, 2 R McMurter, 3 N Lanktree.
Pinning, 1 C M Anderson, 2 Robert Reid, 3 Wm McCann.
Pillow Slams, 1 M Bryant, 2 Robert Reid, 3 M Coulter.
Tubing Work, 1 W H Potts, 2 W H Phillips, 3 Wm McCann.
Slippers, worked, soled and finished, 1 Robert Reid, 2 M Coulter, 3 W H Phillips.
Soda Pillow, 1 R McMurter, 2 Wm McCann, 3 Robert Reid.
Spectator Hand Sewing, 1 W H Potts, 2 Wm Bush, 3 M Coulter.
Spencer, 1 M Coulter, 2 M Bryant, 3 R Reid.
Table Cloth, fancy, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Wm McCann.
Table Cloth, 1 Wm McCann, 2 Robert Reid, 3 M Coulter.
Table Cover, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Bryant, 3 M Coulter.
Tapestry, 1 C M Anderson, 2 R McMurter, 3 Robert Reid.
Tearful Copy, 1 R McMurter, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Robert Reid.
Tie, 1 R McMurter, 2 N Lanktree, 3 M Coulter.
Work Basket, 1 W H Potts.
Any New Fancy Work, 2 M Bryant, 3 N Lanktree.
Judges—Mrs. Waite, Miss L. Judd.

CLASS W—FINE ARTS.

Transfer Work, 1 C M Anderson.
Boguet of averted eyes, 1 Lillie Seeley.
Boguet of averted eyes, 1 C M Anderson, 2 R McMurter, 3 Wm Bush.
Painting, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Coulter.
Oil Painting, flowers, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 G L Burkitt, 3 Wm Bush.
Oil Painting, landscape, 1 M Bryant, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 G L Burkitt.
Oil Painting, animals, 1 G L Burkitt, 2 M Bryant.
Oil Painting, portrait, 1 G L Burkitt, 2 A W Free.
Water Colors, landscape, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 M Bryant.
Water Colors, marine, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 M Bryant.
Vase, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 M Bryant, 3 Wm Bush.
Crayons, 1 G L Burkitt, 2 M Bryant, 3 Robert Reid.
Plaque, painted, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Bryant, 3 Wm Bush.
Painting on wood, 1 M Bryant, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Robert Reid.
Painting on Plush, 1 M Bryant.
Painting on Glass, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Robert Reid.
Painting on Ivory, 1 G L Burkitt.
Painting on Glass, 1 C M Anderson, 2 A W Free, 3 Aaron Ashley.
Painting on China, col., 1 G L Burkitt, 2 A W Free.
Collection of Oil Paintings, 1 G L Burkitt, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 M Bryant.
Drawing by Pencil, 1 M Bryant, not from drawing books, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Bird, 3 G A Boulton.
Collection of Photographs, 1 T A Eggleston.
Crayon Portrait, 1 T A Eggleston.
Judges—Mrs. Saunders Free and Mrs. G. G. Thrushier.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY PRIZES.

Pot Plants, 1 R B Jones, 2 M Bird.
House Plants, 1 R B Jones.
Cut Flowers, 1 R B Jones.
Bouquets, 1 R B Jones, 2 M Bird.
Judges—W. C. Reid.

SPEEDING TESTS.

GREEN CLASS—1 R L Ketcheson, 2 B J. FARMERS' RACE—1 R L Ketcheson, 2 John Richardson, 3 Clem. Armstrong, 4 Benjamin Hagerman.

CLASS 1—W. Whytcock, 2 Geo. Barnum, 3 B D Ketcheson.

Foxybore Notes

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. B. A. Holgate, mail clerk, is spending his holidays at his old home in our village.

Mr. Claude Pope is visiting friends in Omenee.

Dr. Faulkner, who has been confined to his bed for the past week is again able to be out.

Mr. Will Kerr of West Huntingdon, while riding a bicycle through our village, collided with a buggy. The shaft struck him in the stomach with such force that the girl of the harness was broken. He was taken to the Doctor's office and Mr. Bert Faulkner a student of McGill College, attended to his injuries. He was not able to leave for some time following evening, when his father took him home on a bed.

The infant son of Wm. Deshane fell into a well Sunday afternoon and was badly hurt about the head and ears. Mr. Bert Faulkner also dressed his injuries.

The Canadian Government has just been petitioned to establish cottage homes in Ottawa for inebriate women. The petition states that in the city of Ottawa intemperance among women and girl prisoners has increased to the alarming extent of seventy-five per cent., and that women on many cases of about the age of twenty have been incarcerated for drunkenness or for crimes committed while under the influence of drink. Imprisonment to check this has proved an utter failure, as there are women in the brief life of forty years who have spent twenty years in jail.

Her Frock.

She-I can't possibly get my gown for less than \$175, dear.

He-But there's Mrs. Rounder. I'll bet she doesn't pay any such price.

She-But her social position is so much more secure than ours.

Separated.

The parrot says holds the twin, Miranda and her loveliest again, He and she.

But, hark! A step upon the stair, And opea find them sitting there, He and she.

A Lesson in Etiquette. The Caller—You are never naughty, are you?

Margery—Well, I shouldn't think you'd ask me that. Mamma says it isn't good manners to hurt people's feelings.

In the Heel.

"Speak gently!" "Tis a little thing," She said, but he ignored her, because The little thing referred to was, To put it plain, a tack.

Bon Ton.

"Our cook isn't a great success, is she?"

"Perhaps not as a cook, but she has lived in such big, top families that her conversation is most entertaining."

—Life.

Millinery.

Our Millinery Show Rooms are now open for the season, and we extend a cordial invitation to visit us and see the new designs and pretty styles in Fall Millinery. Make our store your headquarters while in town; we will take charge of all your parcels and deliver them to boat or train.

To those who have Millinery wants we might say that never before have we surpassed—probably never equalled this year's display. Beautiful Pattern Hats designed by the most renowned Parisian and New York artists, and all styles in newest Fall Outing Hats.

Also, a very choice assortment of Birds, Feathers, Pom Poms, Buckles, Ribbons and Ornaments of all kinds for those who desire to do their own trimming.

FURS.

Our Fur Department has made very rapid and satisfactory progress during the past few seasons. We consider this the result of two things—THOROUGHLY RELIABLE GOODS AND CLOSE CASH PRICES. Our assortment this season is larger and finer than ever before and we invite the most critical inspection.

Black Cooney Capeline, extra long front, trimmed with 6 full tails, lined throughout with quilted Black Satin, a very fine Capeline, only \$5.75.

Mail Orders receive our most careful attention. If you have any needs whatever, drop us a card and we will be pleased to give you samples and prices.

SUITS.

We take special pride in calling to your attention our Ready-Made Suits and Skirts. In fit, style and workmanship they are unsurpassed and the materials are the newest and nobbiest of the season. They have a style that is almost impossible to get in the Made-to-Order Garment.

Suit of Fine Grey Tweed Cloth Skirt and Eton, skirt with flaring flounce newest cut, lined throughout with Black Silesia, velvet binding; jacket lined with fine Black Roman Satin. The price is the only cheap thing about this suit, \$8.00.

The RITCHIE COMPANY
BELLEVILLE Limited.

Millinery Opening at Ritchie's.

Last Thursday was opening day at the Ritchie Co. Ltd., Belleville, and throughout the entire day their large store was crowded with ladies examining the lovely new goods.

Probably more people visited the ready-to-wear department that day than in any one day before. With the increasing demand for these goods this firm have this year a far larger variety than ever before. The buyers of this department go annually to Berlin, Germany, and procure the very latest styles from the manufacturers themselves, which is a great saving in price. Beautifully tailored jackets were being shown, for ladies and misses, at \$5.00, \$6.00, and \$7.00, which, considering the excellence of material and amount of work in making, are indeed marvels of cheapness.

The display of suits, skirts, underwear, dressing jackets, etc., was very fine, and judging from the quantities seen here the ladies should have no trouble in filling their several wants.

Here also was seen a very large and stylish assortment of fur garments of all kinds. This firm find they are filling a long felt want in supplying thoroughly reliable fur goods at moderate prices.

Notwithstanding the large space devoted to millinery, the rooms could not accommodate the large crowd which were in for a peep at the new things. Hats will be worn very large with long trimmings, made mostly of camel's hair and plushes, prettily trimmed with velvets, feathers, and ornaments, new colorings being greens, browns and greys.

Fur trimmings such as mink, stone marten, grey squirrel and ermine are very fashionable.

A stunning large black hat was made of rich French velvet trimmed with a black lace scarf caught up with a jet slide and had two sweeping black plumes falling gracefully over the brim, and velvet streamers.

This firm shows a very large collection of dainty things for children, and the newest mourning goods.

Lord Kitchener does not agree with those who think that certain classes of the community should abstain from military service. He lately said that it was of "the utmost importance that everyone, whether in this country or in the Greater Britain beyond the seas, should realize that it was the bounden duty and high privilege of every British able-bodied man to keep himself ready and fit, in case of necessity, to defend and maintain the great Empire we have inherited."

Dresses of Gold.

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterward made into dresses.

Expert Needleworkers.

It is considered that Japanese men are among the best needleworkers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HEAGLE, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.R.O. 1907, chapter 129, section 38, and amending acts, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the said late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, deceased, who died on or about the 4th day of August, A.D. 1902, to send in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and demands, proving the same, and the nature of their security (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the date mentioned, the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased, and full particulars of their claims and demands, proving the same, and the nature of their security (if any) held by them.

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Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus office addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

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WHERE TWO WAYS MET

By Julia Truitt Bishop

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"Yo reckon he'll know yer?" asked the fat old woman who was putting a cunning patch on a much worn white garment.

"Know me?" cried the thin old woman, with something that was almost a blush on her faded cheeks. "Well, I don't know anything that would keep Jimmie from remembering me. Any two people that know one another like we did and were engaged for two long years—"

"Like as not ye won't know him," said the prosaic fat old woman, trying another patch under another hole and considering it with her head at one side.

Now it was that the thin old woman smiled. "Jimmie was tall," said she musingly, looking out at the window, "and a mighty handsome young man. Everybody said so. I didn't care to see his shoulder. I always liked tall men. When we went out together, people said what a fine looking couple we were."

The old woman at the fire sniffed again.

"That was thirty year ago," she said, with distinct sarcasm. But the listener in the window looked up with glistering eyes.

"Yes; don't it seem funny that it's so long?" she asked. "I have to most shake myself to make myself believe it's true. Why, I don't feel any different. It's just the same old me that used to think everything Jimmie did was right. I reckon he would hardly have known I was alive," she went on musingly. "If he hadn't happened to get hold of that copy of the Clarion with the notice of my buying that five acre piece back of the spring, and then he wrote to me—such a respectful, dignified letter, Miss Bangs—and we have been corresponding ever since. His letters show that he is still unchanged. If we only like one another when he comes today—if we only do—then we are to be married at last after all these years. I've had an independent life, but it would feel kind of good, after all, to have a big, strong man to de-



THE MAN BEFORE HER WAS GRAY. HE WORE GLASSES.

pend on. I don't care how independent a woman is. She gets kind of lonesome once in a while."

"There's a knock," said Miss Bangs, deliberately folding up her work and rising.

"Mr. Hamilton!" said the maid of all work, throwing open the door.

Miss Alethea stood still for a moment, dullness settling down upon her. Then she sank into a chair.

The man before her was gray. He wore glasses. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he was not as tall as he had been. In that dreadful moment of revelation she cried desolately within herself. "He is old—oh, he is old!"

"I would never have known you!" she cried involuntarily in her great bewilderment. "How you have changed!" He had been staring at her, but now he passed his hand across his brow.

"I was about to say the same of you," he said. "The years have not stood still with you."

She scarcely heard him. She was slowly realizing that the man with whom she had been corresponding of late months was a stranger to her.

"I believe women change more rapidly than men," he was saying when she fastened her attention on him again. "It is on account of their indoor life, I suppose. I am just about as strong and active as I ever was."

Miss Alethea sat still and looked at the door.

"The weather's quite cold out, isn't it, Mr. Hamilton?" she asked, with a manifest effort.

"Not so cold as it was yesterday," he replied, with an effort on his own part. "Of course you will take dinner with us?" she said.

"Well, I don't know that I can," he replied, with his embarrassed eyes on the doorknob. "I put up at the hotel, and they'll expect me back to dinner." And the absurdity of this was so evident that she threw up her head and laughed at it. He caught sight of the motion in a fleeting glance. That had been one of the ways of her girlhood, a charming little way when the head was crowned with a wealth of brown hair and the blue eyes sparkled and the lips were red. Then he dropped his head with a groan.

"I must go, Miss Alethea," he said.

"I will be in town several days, and I'll see you again."

"Well," said the confidential friend who had happened to come with him to the hotel, "did you see your flame of the olden time?"

"Yes; I saw her," he retorted irritably, turning his face away. "And I am going to leave town this evening. I cannot see her again."

"What's the matter?" questioned the friend in amazement.

"Why, man, she's old," said Mr. Hamilton, recklessly flinging his belongings back into the trunk which he had fatuously brought with him in the expectation of retaining many days.

"Well, it's my opinion that you're no schoolboy yourself," said the friend rudely, after which it will be readily understood that the two quarreled and that the friend took himself off without delay.

"Well?" questioned Miss Bangs crossly. Mr. Hamilton had been gone a long time, but Miss Alethea had just come in, complaining that the glare of the sun in the window had hurt her eyes.

"Well," said Miss Alethea, with her face turned away, "I found Mr. Hamilton looking changed. He's—he's looking much older and more broken than I expected to see him. I don't care to meet him again. I think I'll go up to Springfield this evening and spend a week with Jeremiah's folks."

A tall, gray man with a little stoop in his shoulders paused beside the only seat in the car that had but one occupant.

"Is this seat taken, ma'am?" he asked, and when she shook her head he sat down. He had been there several moments and the train was well under way before he noticed the thin, white little hand that lay upon the top of a satchel in her lap, and a small, old-fashioned ring on one of the fingers. Then his eyes leaped, startled, to her face. She recognized him at the same moment.

"Jimmie!" she cried, the old name slipping out before she could think. "Alethea!" he said, and a thrill of warmth and cold swept suddenly back over both hearts.

"I had to take a little run up the road—on business," he said mendaciously. "Let me lower this shade; the sun's in your eyes."

How refined and womanly she looked! How dainty she was in all her belongings!

"I am going to Springfield—on business, too," she said shyly.

How thoughtful that was in him to pull down the blind! How long it had been since any one had been thoughtful for her!

"Do you know," he said, looking at her attentively, "you have really changed very little. I should have known you anywhere—now that I have a chance to observe you closely."

"Oh, I have changed far more than you have!" she cried generously. He moved a little nearer. His sleeve touched her arm. What talk was this about youth having fled? She could feel that sleeve against her arm making sudden sudden in her soul.

"Going up to Jeremiah's for a few days?" he said. "I wonder if you would let me go along with you? I was always friends with Jeremiah."

She looked up and smiled at him, and her eyes fell. But the swift smile had effaced so many of the years that he cried with a rush of the old time tenderness:

"I declare, Alethea, you haven't changed at all!"

He Wasn't Mean.

The whiff flicking hero of this story had driven an irascible old fellow a good three mile journey in London. When the fare climbed stiffly out and slowly produced a big pocketbook, cabbie drew a deep breath and prepared to be sarcastic. A watchful constable standing near prevented all thought of his relieving his feelings by the use of picturesque terms.

Cabbie watched his fare make a lengthy mental calculation of the distance he had been driven, select the exact legal fare, count it twice over, and then proffer it to him with an expression on his face plainly indicative of "Now, then, you dare dispute it and I'll take your number!"

But cabbie didn't dispute it. Instead, he promptly accepted it, but slipping his hand into another pocket he produced a farthing, which he handed to the fare.

"What's this for?" demanded the old fellow.

"One garden, currant coin of the realm, sir," said cabbie, gathering up his reins. "I drive you just the exact distance represented by air of that there sherkel under the three mile you reckoned. I ain't got no air garden about me, but it don't matter. You can keep the change. I ain't mean. Goodbye, sir, and God bless you. Gee up, 'orse!"—London Answers.

A Lovesick Goldfish.

At a country house last summer I saw quite a unique friendship, writes a correspondent. The cat of the household, a magnificent Persian Tom, goes, when thirsty, to a large glass bowl in the drawing room, wherein a goldfish disports itself. The cat then leans over the bowl, and with its mouth open, as if to drink, it notices that the fish also seemed sickly and refused to nibble the crumbs and seedlings thrown to it, but not for a moment did any one dream of associating its indisposition with the absence of the cat. When, however, master Tom appeared on the scene again, with quite an elastic step, the fish became itself once more and is now as frisky as ever.—London Chronicle.

TWO PERORATIONS.

From Hay's Eulogy on McKinley and Blaine's Eulogy on Garfield.

It is a curious coincidence that on Feb. 27, 1882, and on Feb. 27, 1902, a secretary of state of a murdered president delivered a eulogy of his dead chief before the houses of congress. Mr. Hay, primarily a writer, showed the essayist in his oration on McKinley. Mr. Blaine, primarily a speaker, showed the orator in his oration on Garfield. Here is the peroration of Hay's eulogy of McKinley:

There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginning; no one but vows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, reared and served it, showed in his life how a man should live and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.

Blaine's oration on Garfield ended with this famous passage:

As the end returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its hopelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, gently, the love of a great people bore him to the sea to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, a calm sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the far horizon, and he said, for his sake, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the showery sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

THE PARADISE FISH.

One of the Wonderful Piscatorial rarities Found in China.

The oddest of all piscatorial rarities is the paradise fish of China. Like the German canary and one or two other species of bird and fish, this little funny beauty is the product of cultivation only, there being no place in the world where it is found in a wild state. In the land of the dragon they are kept and cultivated in ornamental aquariums, each succeeding generation of the little oddities exhibiting more diversified colors. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring when full grown three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of a common pumpkin seed sunfish, its color surpassing in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium. The head of macropodus (that's his generic name) is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azure blue, bordered with brilliant crimson.

The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having from ten to twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The upper surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray, black or blue. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence its generic name—macro, large; podus, fin or foot. Both fins are shaped alike and are striped with brown and bordered with a bright blue. The dull colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the body of the fin. The pectoral fins are well shaped, but transparent and colorless.

Mourning a Horse.

A careful bicyclist learns to mount from either side of the wheel, since the emergency may arise at any moment, says the London Chronicle. One would think that the horseman would be equally careful to provide for possibilities and accustom himself to mounting indifferently from the off side and the near side. But if he were to venture to mount on the right side—which is the wrong side—in a hotel stable yard the hostler would probably demand the price of a gallon as a statutory fine, and the horse would collapse with surprise. What is the meaning of this convention? It appears in odd places. Not only does the trick horse in the circus canter from right to left, but the after dinner wine passes the same way. "The way of the sun" is the current explanation, which is absurd.

Willing to Go Without.

Henry Clews, perfectly bald, was once traveling on a western railroad. Sitting directly behind him was a coarse looking man with a rough shock of hair the color of brick dust.

Tapping Mr. Clews on the shoulder, the fellow remarked:

"Guess you wasn't around when they gave out the hair."

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "but I was a trifle late, and there was nothing left but that stuff you wear so I told them I'd rather have none."

Pa Elucidates.

"Pa, what does 'absentminded' mean?"

"My boy, that's easy. Did you ever stop to think?"

"Yes."

"And your thoughts ran on?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."

His Symptoms.

Mr. Newlywed—How did you know I really loved you?

Mr. Newlywed—Oh, you acted so—so sort of foolishly!

An old bachelor, when he feels blue and discouraged, always regrets that he has no wife to whom to—Atchison Globe.

DON'T GET MORBID.

It Is Not a Difficult Matter to Think Yourself to Death.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

As a rule, the thought that kills relates to something the individual dreads more than anything else in the world. There is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons in every hundred, and the exception is only proof against the thought disease by having been inoculated with the lymph of optimism or philosophy.

The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of them or a thousand similar thoughts may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much "dyeing" as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result: as a neglected disease would have. The thought disease sometimes cures itself after running its course; so does smallpox. But who would settle down to suffer from smallpox and chance recovery, as thousands of foolish persons settle down to let the thought disease, which has attacked them, do its worst?

Every melancholy thought, every morbid notion and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be physically by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a store in every one's possession, bright companions—cheaper than drugs and pleasant.

There have occurred scores of dozens of cases where healthy persons have thought themselves into having tumors and cancers—cases which admit of no doubt whatever that the diseases resulted from constant morbid fear. There might possibly be fewer cases of cancer if some great doctors could assure the world that it is not a hereditary disease, but morbid minded persons on hearing that there is cancer in their families generally do the very worst thing they can do under the circumstances—they conceive an awful dread that they will be afflicted with it. They dwell upon the fear constantly, and every trifling ailment which troubles them is at first mistaken for the preliminary symptoms of cancer. The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop.

POULTRY POINTERS.

The best eggs are the result of a meat diet.

Weak legs come from forced growth, high feeding and close confinement.

Use no deformed or weak fowls for breeding and do not keep the same cock more than one season.

A molting hen seldom lays. She cannot be supplying eggs while the strain of growing new feathers is upon her.

A very fat hen seldom lays anything but soft shelled eggs. Apoplexy and egg bound are the result of excessive fat.

Leaves and hay chaff make excellent litter for the floors, and by throwing grain among it fowls are often kept busy scratching.

Keep the fowls away from the barns, stables and carriage houses. In such places they are nuisances; besides they are more comfortable in a place by themselves.

Hens must have carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shells, and these will be found in old plastering, broken oyster shells and bones, with some of the meat and gristle attached.

A Persian Dinner.

A traveler in Persia thus describes a dinner served in the household of a wealthy Persian: "The chief dish consists of a fowl boiled to rags, surrounded by a toothsome mass of rice, hard boiled eggs, fried onions, almonds and raisins. There is a Shiraz wine, clear, golden red liquid that has traveled over the mountain passes on muleback in a huge glass carboy. Among the dessert manna has a conspicuous place. This delicacy is somewhat akin to nougat; it is studded with walnuts and almonds and is jaw sticking to the last degree. Like the mango, it is best eaten in private, for it renders the participant speechless. It is made of gum that exudes from a tree and is said to be engendered by a worm."

Fertile Cuba.

In Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruit, horticultural and greenhouse plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

Dampening His Ardor.

Desperate Sully—Sir, I have reached that stage where I can no longer live without your daughter.

Fearless Parent—Well, I don't consider suicide a crime, young man, but you mustn't hang around here.

A Paradox.

Belle—What a lovely bulldog! Nan—I think he's horrid looking.

Belle—Oh, but bulldogs aren't lovely unless they're horrid looking.

Not a pound of all the coal burned in Switzerland is dug within the borders of that country.

THE ELDER SOTHERN.

A Couple of the Celebrated Comedian's Practical Jokes.

Many stories are told of Sothern's original methods of entertaining his friends at dinner, and possibly the most amusing is that of the belated guest. When, late in the dinner, this friend was announced, Mr. Sothern exclaimed, "Let us all hide under the table," and down they all went save Mr. Sothern himself, who remained seated. When the tardy guest entered, Mr. Sothern rose and received him with exquisite courtesy, saying, "When your name was announced, my guests, for some unaccountable reason, all hid under the table." After a few moments of disconcert to one by one they crept out and back to their seats.

I heard from both Mr. Sothern and Mrs. Vincent this account of an outburst of fun at a dinner given by him in his parlor at the Bevere House. As the guests, ten in number, were gathered about the open fire before dinner, a stout, pompous water, afflicted with short breath, added the last touches to the dinner table, already spread. Ten large, square pieces of bread were placed, with mathematical precision one at each plate, and when he left the room to bring the wine, Mr. Sothern saw his opportunity, and, calling his dog, cried: "Tiger, the bread! Quick, Tiger!" And the little light gray-bounded bounded lightly upon the table, again and again as he heard his master's imperative: "Fetch the bread!" until each piece had been removed to a dark corner near the fire.

Upon the waiter's return all was silence. The expectant look upon Mr. Sothern's face showed only that dinner was awaited. Standing for a moment, bewildered, the waiter, seeing no bread upon the table, hesitatingly turned to the door, then retraced his steps to the table, examined it carefully and hurriedly left the room. He soon reappeared with a fresh plate of bread, and again at each plate a piece was carefully placed, and he retired with the empty plate. "Quick, Tiger! Fetch it again! More bread! More bread!"

And once more each piece was removed before the grave waiter reappeared, and all were again silent. One look at the table and one at the guests, and there remained no doubt. Those poor, hungry actors had eaten it! With a look of contempt he announced dinner, and after all were safely seated at the table he brought a third plate of bread and with a fork placed it, with a gesture of scorn, piece by piece for each person and for the host. The merry scene soon dissolved his hostility, and before the evening was over the bread in the corner was revealed.—Mrs. Lucy Derby Fuller in Century.

Measles and Ammonia.

A Detroit woman who labors among the poor children of the city was telling her experiences.

"One day there was a death in the neighborhood; a little girl died, and the children were visibly impressed. They told me about it in unison.

"It was better for her, wasn't it, missus?" one little girl said philosophically.

"What was the trouble?" I asked. "Oh," another spoke up, "she had measles and ammonia on the lungs and a lot of things."

"I was of course deeply impressed by the 'lots of things,' but more so by the 'ammonia on the lungs.'"

Knew What to Do With It.

A miserly landlord was going round collecting his rents the other day. At one house he was greatly interested in a little girl who watched, open mouthed and open eyed, the business of paying over the money and accepting the receipt.

He patted her on the head and started out to search his pockets, saying, "I must see what I have got for you." After searching his pockets for some time he at last brought from a remote corner a peppermint. As he handed it to the girl he said, "And now what will you do with that?"

The little girl looked at it, then at him and replied, "Wash it"—London Answers.

A Useful Rhyme.

If poisoned, take mustard or salt, table-spoon.
In a cup of warm water and swallow right soon.
For burns try borax and a wet bandage, too;
If blistered, then oil and dry flannel will do.
For children's convulsions warm baths are the rule;
With castor oil dose, too, but keep the head cool.
Give syrup of ipecac when croup is in store.
For indigestion stretch patient right out on the floor.
To soak in hot water is best for a sprain;
Remember these rules, and 'twill save you much pain.

Discerning Germs.

"What is this stuff?" asked the testy husband, spitting over a mouthful of the strange dish which he finds on the breakfast table.
"That," answers the thoughtful wife, "is the new health food."
"It ought to be healthy," declares the husband. "I'll bet no germ of any sort would try to live on it!"—Baltimore American.

Very Close.

"I was surprised to hear you speaking against Flynnsky. You told me some time ago he was your nearest friend."

"That's so. He couldn't be any nearer than he is, the stinky old beggar!"

Not Modest.

First Yacht—Nancy's not at all modest, you know.
Second Yacht—How's that?
First Yacht—She was seen hugging the Jersey coast as she passed in.—New York Times.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Strenuous Romance.

They met when the showers of April Were gushing in thousands of hills. And they strayed where the first dandelions Were gleaming upon the green hills. They gathered the purple peonies blossoms And were buoyant beneath the May sky. He wooed her among the June roses And heard the sweet word in July. They planned and made ready in August; Ah, swiftly the dreamy days passed! The wedding took place in September; Their love was rewarded at last. He brought her back home in October At the end of the honeymoon's course; She applied to the courts in November And at Christmas received her divorce.

Footlight Favorites.

"They say young Gotrox is infatuated with Little Lightfoot. He's a millionaire, isn't he?"
"I don't know. He was, but he has no her three or four weeks."

Character Building.

Some people who have real intelligence are ashamed to acknowledge it; instead they accept the most foolish doctrines in order to be known as lovely characters.

Genuine Limping Limerick.

A maiden who played at croquet Was ahead, but someone didn't stuet. Then she hollered, "Oh, dear!" And she squeaked out a tear. But her feller he wiped it awest!

Revised Version.

Sunday School Teacher—All flesh is well, Johnny, can you tell us the golden text?
Johnny Cumsco (eagerly)—All flesh is to keep off the grass.

Not a Matter.

Editor—Why did you refuse him?
Ethel—He has a plot.
Editor—But he can blot it out.
Ethel—Perhaps, but he can't use me for a blotter.

Celtic Philosophy.

All thin poor souls that's given To say "Lefin ain't worth livin'"
How merely brain complaint. Av course lefin ain't worth livin' To him that thinks it ain't!

After the Storm.

"Lightning seldom kills a Georgia mule."
"No; the mule always meets it half way and kicks it to pieces."

Better Still.

"Jack calls me his queen," said the girl in blue proudly.
"Is that all," returned the girl in pink pityingly. "Why, Harry calls me his ace."

"Christmas Coming."

Never mind the burning weather; Summer's dying like a feather! Soon the holly'll deck the hall And the boys cry, "Hands round, all!"

Nothing Remarkable.

She—Dear Little Fido! See him wag his tail!
Archie—Why—er—what else could he do with it, Miss Birdie?

Real Trouble.

First Office Boy—Were you really sick yesterday?
Second Office Boy—Sure! I was seasick. Went to de fishin' banks.

Ice Cream Vagaries.

Sometimes your ice cream's in a cup. Sometimes it's on a plate; Some clerks will put it in a glass, Some others on the table.

Bound For the Stage.

"Does she inherit her histrionic talent?"
"I think so. At least her parents are divorced."

Must Be a Gals.

"My love is like the breeze," he sang, "So lightly, blithely going." And now he's married he bewails Her everlasting blowing.

Speechless.

"Is your wife ever speechless with indignation?"
"She says she is, but I have reason to doubt it."

The Difference.

The baschak players gaily smile; Fate cannot scare them.
They stoutly trudge o'er diamonds while The magnates wear them.

Mountain High.

"How was the scenery where you spent your vacation?"
"The most expensive I ever gazed at."

A Labor Saver.

The politicians are remorseless; The witless are remorseless; It ought to help them out a bit When they must mend their fences.

Would Know If He Heard Her.

"I don't know whether she sings or not."
"You would if you heard her."

Necessity.

With beef and corn so very high That worry mars one's sleep We'll soon eat corn and pie Because they're rather cheap.

Quite Different.

Maud of Boston—I am sure you do as you please.
Willie—No; I say paynts.

Who Wait.

All things may come to those who wait

SCORES KILLED IN FIRE PANIC

Awful Disaster in a Birmingham, Alabama, Church

A despatch from Birmingham, Alabama, says: In an awful crash of humanity, caused by a stampede in the Shiloh colored Baptist Church, at the corner of Avenue G., and 18th street, on Friday night, 65 persons were killed and many more than that number seriously injured.

The disaster occurred at 9 o'clock just as Evangelist Booker, known as "The Washington," had concluded his address to the national convention of colored Baptists, and for three hours the scenes around the church were indescribable. Dead bodies were strewn in every direction, and the ambulance service of the city was utterly unable to care for them. Dozens of dead bodies were arranged in rows on the ground outside the house of worship awaiting removal to the various undertaking establishments, while more than a score were laid out on the benches inside.

Shiloh Church is the largest house of worship for negroes in Birmingham, and there were at least 2,000 persons in the edifice when the stampede began. The entrance to the church was literally packed, and the negroes were trampled to death in their struggle to escape.

Booker T. Washington had just concluded his address when Judah Billore, a negro lawyer from Baltimore, engaged in a dispute with the choir leader concerning an unoccupied seat. It is said a blow was struck; someone in the choir cried, "They're fighting!" Mistaking the word "fighting" for "fire," the congregation rose en masse and started for the door. One of the ministers quickly mounted the rostrum and admonished the people to keep quiet. He repeated the word "quiet" several times, and motioned to his hearers to be seated. The excitement, however, mistook the word quiet for a second alarm of fire, and renewed their frantic efforts. Men and women struggled over both and fought their way into the aisles. Those who fell were trampled upon like cattle.

The ministers used their utmost efforts to stop the stampede, but no power on earth could stay the struggling, fighting mass.

BEAR BAITING LION

Cossacks are Hurrying to Afghan Border.

A London despatch says: British military activities in India have been given a sudden impetus by the alleged detection of a Russian force on an early test of the quality of Great Britain's foreign policy as affected by the withdrawal of the uncompromising hand of Lord Salisbury. In pursuance of its traditional method of pushing its adversary's patience to the limit, the Government, at St. Petersburg, according to reports, is feverishly busy stirring the embers of discord wherever it sees an opportunity for inflaming British susceptibilities.

It has seized upon a disturbance with the police on the Indian frontier as a pretext for the introduction of Cossacks southward to the border of Afghanistan. The Czar has interrupted the Shah's junket in Paris, ostensibly to secure his attendance at the military manoeuvres at Kursk, but actually, it is believed, to discuss the need of a Russian railway and Persian Gulf. Reports from Sebastopol tell of inordinate efforts to strengthen the Russian naval power in the Black Sea.

The recent jingo speech in Corsica by M. Pelletan, French Minister of Marine, is interpreted as a sign that France is ready to join its ally in this subtle game of baiting the British. Finally comes the announcement that Baron de Stael, the venerable Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, is about to be succeeded by "a man of more vigorous character."

This widespread recrudescence of Russian political energy is attributed by English diplomats to a desire on the part of the Czar's Ministers to learn how stern is the stuff of which the foreign policy of the British Empire is made. No one fears that Russia will press its case anywhere beyond the point necessary to secure this desired information; nevertheless, the British War and Navy Departments are alive to the possibility of Russia's efforts deliberately to irritate the situation.

Scores of military officers in England and South Africa have been ordered to rejoin their Indian commands. Major Fukushima, of the Japanese army, has arrived in Calcutta to familiarize himself with the Indian military situation. Lord Kitchener will hasten his journey to India, abandoning his proposed halt at Khartoum on the way.

POINTERS FOR EXPORTERS!

Summary of the Customs Laws and Regulations.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Customs Department has issued for the instruction of exporters to Canada a summary of the Customs laws and regulations of Canada in regard to the shipment and dutiable value of imported goods and the certifying of invoices. These will be distributed in the United States, whence the trouble from non-compliance with the regulations chiefly arises. Mr. McDougall says that goods from Europe are usually packed and marked according to requirements, but in the majority of instances American exporters are very careless in this respect. They usually neglect to number the different packages in a case, so that they may be identified from the invoice without opening

them, and the result is no end of worry to the examining officers, who often have to open every package to determine its contents. The Canadian regulations in respect of marking are similar to those of the United States, but as their large internal trade does not require any such precautions American exporters get into this habit of shipping goods to foreign countries also without special marking.

DR. BARCLAY FOR QUEEN'S

Well Known Montreal Minister Chosen for Principalship.

A Kingston despatch says:—Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Montreal, is the unanimous choice of the trustees of Queen's University to fill the place of the late Principal Grant. The name of Rev. Prof. Patterson, of Aberdeen, was also considered, but the choice fell on a Canadian. The new principal will receive a salary substantially higher than that of the late Dr. Grant, who received \$3,000 per annum.

Rev. Dr. James Barclay was born on June 19, 1844, at Paisley, Scotland, a son of the late James Barclay, of Edinburgh. He was educated at the Paisley Grammar school, at the University of Glasgow, and at the University of Glasgow, and graduated with first class honors. The Presbytery of Paisley licensed him in 1870, after which he ministered for three months at Dalbeattie, and the following year was ordained at Dumfries. In 1874 he was transferred to Canobie, in 1876 to Linlithgow, and in 1878 to Glasgow. He was chosen colleague of Rev. Dr. McGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. A call was extended to him from St. Paul's church, Montreal, He accepted and was inducted on Oct. 11, 1883, and has since discharged the duties of the pastorate with much ability and evident success. He received his degree of D.D. from his alma mater in 1892.

Dr. Barclay preached before Queen Victoria several times at Balmoral. He is widely known both as a lecturer and athlete, cricket, curling and golf being his favorite sports. He was chaplain of the Montreal Garrison Artillery in the Northwest rebellion.

BIG FIRE AT BRANTFORD

Stores of Watts' Sons and the Snowdrift Co. Burned.

A Brantford, Ont., despatch says:—Brantford on Thursday night experienced one of the worst fires it has had for many years. At 9.30 flames were discovered issuing from the third story windows in the brick building of the Snowdrift Company, on Dalhousie street. The firemen responded promptly, and turned on six or eight streams of water, but the fire had obtained so great headway before it was discovered that efforts to control it were unsuccessful, and after an hour's hard fighting it burst through the roof. Soon after this smoke was seen coming through the roof of the adjoining brick building of the George Watts and Sons wholesale establishment, a fine three story brick building on the corner of Dalhousie and King streets. Suddenly the roof of the latter building fell in, and the front of the third story fell across the street, carrying three firemen with it. Charles Brown was severely injured about the head and shoulders, and may not recover. Fireman Woody was cut across the head and shoulders. Fireman George Kingsville was on a ladder at the third story window. He jumped to save himself, and received painful injuries. The injured men were taken in the ambulance to the hospital.

R. M. Fullerton, proprietor of the Snowdrift Company, owns the building. His loss will be in the neighborhood of \$30,000. He carries an insurance of \$10,000 on the building and \$5,000 on stock, which is a complete loss.

George Watts and Sons own their building. It is roughly estimated at \$70,000, which is a complete loss.

When the brick walls fell they took the telephone and electric light wires down, and the city was left in total darkness.

OUR FRONTIER DEFENCES

All of Them Antiquated and Ill-Equipped.

A London despatch says:—The Express of Wednesday makes sensational disclosures. Colonel Fenwick Townshend, who was deputed by the War Office to report on Canadian frontier defences, declares the forts so hopelessly antiquated all along the frontier and ill-equipped with ammunition that in the event of an Anglo-American war the Americans could easily cross the frontier and seize Canada before resistance could be organized. A prominent Canadian in Montreal declared the Canadians were too busy buying military stores from the Americans to bother about fortifications. The Americans could do would be to board rafts with all their belongings and float down the St. Lawrence to Belle Isle until British warships came along to protect them.

FOOLED WITH A REVOLVER

This Time, However, the Victim May Live.

A Ridgeway, Ont., despatch says: Sunday afternoon Charles Turner, aged 18, and James Martin, aged 20, were fooling with a newly-purchased revolver in the vicinity of Campbell's millpond. A 12th calibre shot was accidentally discharged in the hands of Martin. The bullet lodged in Turner's abdomen, but although the bullet has not been located, it is thought he will recover.

TWO TRAINMEN KILLED

Engineer and Fireman in a Wreck Near Lindsay.

A Lindsay, Ont., despatch says: Sunday morning about 12.30 a serious rear-end collision occurred at a point between Grass Hill and Cambridge, on the Grand Trunk, the result being the death of the engineer and fireman, and the destruction of the engines and sixteen box cars. A heavy freight train, grain laden, from Midland for Lindsay, in charge of Conductor Foley, broke in two at this point at the foot of a steep grade. The train was finally brought to a standstill, and Conductor Foley, knowing that another freight was following, ran back to signal the oncoming train, which was in charge of Conductor Hodgson. The fog was very thick, and the grade very steep, and the crew of the second train was unable to stop their train in time, and she crashed into Foley's train, with fearful results. The train was a double-header. The engineer and fireman of the first train jumped and escaped. The driver and fireman of the second engine were not quick enough, and lost their lives. Fireman Faulkner was badly cut up, when picked up from the wreck, but a few minutes later Driver Swanton was buried in the debris of his engine and was instantly killed. The line is strewn with broken cars and hundreds of bushels of Manitoba wheat, which was being rushed east from Midland. Fireman Faulkner was in the cab with driver Swanton, but by a quick jump was saved. He, however, suffered severely from bruised shoulders and head. The auxiliary from Lindsay was summoned, and got to work to clear the line. It is expected that the wreck will be so far cleared away as to allow through traffic in the morning. The remains of the dead engineer and fireman were brought to Lindsay. Driver Swanton was a married man and lived in Lindsay. Fireman Faulkner is a native of Belleville.

WORK ON PACIFIC CABLE

In Two Weeks Will Be Within 200 Miles of Fanning Island.

A Vancouver, B. C., despatch says: The cable ship *Colonia* has laid over 500 miles of the Pacific cable between Vancouver Island, B. C., and Fanning Island. In two weeks the *Colonia* will have paid out all her cable and be within 200 miles of Fanning Island, where she will anchor the end to a buoy. The end will be picked up and spliced by the cable ship *Anglia* and the laying completed by that ship, while the *Colonia* will proceed to England to secure the cable for the line between San Francisco and Manila. The *Colonia* is laying 160 miles of cable a day, is traveling at a speed of seven and a half knots, and is in constant communication with the Greek station on Vancouver Island.

LAYING A NEW CABLE

Superintendent of Telegraphs Busy in Anticosti.

An Ottawa despatch says:—Mr. D. H. Keeley, superintendent of Government telegraphs, is at present in Anticosti arranging for laying a cable from Heath Point to the Magdalen Islands. Mr. Keeley reports to the department that the cable between Belle Isle and Chateau Bay is working satisfactorily, as also is the Marconi apparatus. The defective working of the latter, reported some weeks ago, was due to the lack of knowledge of the instruments on the part of the operators.

INFLOW TO NORTH-WEST

Entries for July and August Unprecedented.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The influx of settlers into the Canadian Northwest continues to increase. For the month of July the homestead entries numbered 2,633, or 1,902 greater than during that month last year. For August the entries were 1,922, or 1,154 in excess of August, 1901. The total increase for the two months, as compared with the same time last year, was 2,856. This is unprecedented in the history of the country. Most of the newcomers are from the United States.

THANKSGIVING DAY, OCT. 16

Date Settled at Cabinet Council Meeting on Monday.

An Ottawa despatch says: A Cabinet Council was held on Monday morning, when Thanksgiving Day was fixed for Thursday, 16th October. Last year Thanksgiving Day was held on November 28th.

BUTTER FROM SIBERIA

Likely to Be Exported at Low Rates to This Continent.

A special despatch from St. Petersburg announces that the officials of the Ministry of Railroads are considering a project for reducing rates so as to enable Siberian butter to be exported from Pacific ports to the United States and Canada by way of Vladivostok.

KILLS FIVE PUPILS

Teacher Strangles Them, Wounds Seven, and Suicides.

A Berlin despatch says: At Weendam in the Province of Groningen, Holland, a suddenly demented teacher on Friday strangled five of his pupils to death, severely wounded seven others, and then committed suicide by jumping into the village pond.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Sept. 23.—Wheat—The offerings of Ontario produce continue fair, and prices are unchanged. No. 2 white and red quoted at 65 to 65½ west, and at 65½ to 66 east. Manitoba wheat is dull. No. 1 hard 84½ grinding in transit, and at 78½ Goderich. No. 1 Northern, 82½ g.t.t., and 74½ Goderich.

Oats—The market is easier, with offerings liberal. Sales of No. 2 at 29½ middle freights, and at 29 to 29½ low freights to New York. Corn—The market is quiet, with Canadian yellow quoted at 62½ west. No. 3 yellow American quoted at 68½ on track here.

Kyo—The market is steady. No. 2 quoted at 48½ west.

Barley—Market is quiet, and prices steady. Feed quoted at 35 to 35½ middle freights, and No. 3 extra at 40 to 40½.

Flour—The market is lower, in sympathy with the wheat. Exporters are quoting only 70½ west. Flour—Ninety per cent. patents, made of new wheat, quoted at \$2.65 to \$2.70 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers, for domestic trade, quoted at \$3.15 to \$3.25 in bulk. Buckwheat flour, steady. Hungarian patents, \$3.85 to \$4.25, delivered on track, Toronto, bags included, and strong bakers', \$3.60 to \$3.95.

Oatmeal—Car lots, in bbls, \$5 on track and in sacks, \$4.00. Broken lots, 20 to 25¢ extra. Milfeed—Barley is dull at \$12.50 west, and shorts at \$17 west. Bran quiet here at \$14, and shorts at \$19. Manitoba bran \$17 in sacks, and shorts \$23 in sacks, Toronto.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Hops—Trade quiet, with prices unchanged at 13½ west, 7½ east.

Honey—The market is steady, with strained jobbing here at 8 to 8½ per lb., and comb at \$1.50 to \$1.65.

Beans—The market is quiet, with offerings moderate. New hay quoted at \$9 to \$9.20 a ton.

Straw—The market is quiet. Car lots on track quoted at \$5.50.

Onions—Market steady at \$1.90 to \$2 per barrel.

Poultry—The market is steady. We quote:—Chickens, 50 to 80¢ per pair; live chickens, 50 to 60¢. Ducks, 60 to 80¢ per pair for dressed, and 6 to 6½ per lb. for live. Turkeys, young, 11 to 12¢ per lb., and old, 10¢.

Potatoes—The market is firmer. Car lots quoted at 57 to 60¢ per bag, on track here. Small lots sell at \$1 to \$1.10 per bag, but this advance is only temporary, owing to scarcity in deliveries.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs unchanged, with receipts moderate. Cured meats in good demand at steady prices. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 11¢, in ton and car lots, 10¢. Pork, mess, \$21.50; do., short cut, \$23.50. Smoked meats—Hams, 13 to 14¢; breakfast bacon, 15¢; rolls, 12 to 12½; backs, 15 to 15½; shoulders, 12¢.

Lard—The market is firmer. We quote:—Tierces, 10½; tubs, 11¢; and 11½ to 11½; compound, 8½ to 10¢.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is steady. Choice grades have the best call. We quote:—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 16 to 16½; selected dairy tubs, 15¢; store packed uniform cubs, 13½; low grades, 11 to 12¢. Creamery rolls, 19 to 20¢; do., solids, 18½ to 19¢.

Eggs—Market steady for strictly fresh stock. We quote:—Fresh, 16 to 17¢; ordinary store candled, 14 to 15¢; seconds, and checks, 10 to 11¢.

Cheese—Market is steady. We quote:—Finest, 10½ to 10½; seconds, 9½.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Sept. 23.—The local grain market continues remarkably flat, and the bulk of business is insignificant. Rye, peas, and oats are the only cereals for which there is any demand. In flour there is no change. Feed is firm, and rolled oats are quiet and easy. Provisions remain about the same. Cheese, butter, and eggs continue firm, and in good demand. Grain—No. 1 hard Manitoba, 71¢. Port William; No. 1 Northern, 69¢, October shipment; Ontario, No. 2 white wheat, 65¢ and No. 2 mixed at 66¢ west, new crop 72½. Hard 12½, 65¢; do., extra 34½. Flour—Manitoba, patents, \$3.90 to \$4.25 strong bakers', \$3.60 to \$3.95; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.40 to \$3.50; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.70; patents, \$3.50 to \$4.10. Rolled oats—Millers' prices to jobbers, \$2.25 to \$2.30 in bags, and \$4.60 to \$4.70 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran at \$16 to \$17, and shorts at \$23, bags included. Ontario bran in bulk, \$15.50 to \$16; shorts in bulk, \$23, in lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short-cut pork, 25¢ compound, refined lard, 8½¢; pure Canadian lard, 11¢; finest lard, 12 to 12½. Hams, 12 to 13¢. Bacon, 11 to 15¢; dressed hogs, \$7.50; fresh killed abattoir, \$9.25 to \$9.50. Pork, 100 lbs. Cheese—Ontario, 9½ to 10¢; townships, 9½ to 9½. Quebec, 9½ to 10¢. Butter—Choice, 19½ to 19½. Creamery receipts, 19½ to 19½. Held stock, 18 to 18½. Dairy 16 to 16½. Eggs—Straight receipts, 14½ to 15¢. No. 2, 13 to 13½. Hony—Best clover, in section, 11 to 12¢ per section. In 10-lb tins, 9½ to 10¢; in bulk, 8¢.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Sept. 23.—Wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, 79½; No. 2 Northern, 71 to 71½; December, 68¢. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 51½ to 52. Barley—Firm; No. 2, 40¢; sample, 41 to 40¢. Corn—December, 42½. Duluth, Sept. 23.—Close—Wheat—

Cash—No. 1 hard, 70½; No. 1 Northern, 68½; No. 2 Northern, 66½; September, 68½; December, 66½. Oats—September, 30½; December, 29¢. Minneapolis, Sept. 23.—Close—Wheat—September, 66½; December, 65½ to 66½; on track, No. 1 hard, 69½; No. 2 Northern, 68½; No. 2 Northern, 66½. St. Louis, Sept. 23.—Wheat closed—Cash, 65½; September, 65½; December, 68½; May, 69½.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 23.—The total receipts of live stock to-day were 114 carcasses, consisting of 2,005 head of cattle, 2,645 sheep and lambs, 1,400 hogs, and 50 calves.

Prices continue steady, with few, if any, fluctuations. The buying today, however, was good, the demand for everything being general. A brisk trade was done during the morning, and traders were all in the very best of humor.

Sheep and lambs were a shade better in price. Export ewes brought from \$3.50 to \$3.65; bucks from \$2.50 to \$2.75; culled ewes from \$2 to \$3 each; lambs from \$3.75 to \$4.10; and calves from \$2 to \$10 each.

Following is the range of quotations:

Cattle.	
Shippers, per cwt.	\$5.25 to \$5.85
Do., light	4.25 to 5.00
Butcher, choice	4.00 to 4.50
Butcher, ordinary	3.00 to 4.00
Stockers, per cwt.	3.20 to 3.75
Do., Sheep and lambs.	
Choice ewes, per cwt.	3.30 to 3.50
Lambs, per cwt.	3.40 to 4.10
Bucks, per cwt.	2.25 to 2.75
Culls, each	2.00 to 3.00
Milkers and Calves.	
Cows, each	25.00 to 42.00
Calves, each	2.00 to 10.00
Hogs.	
Choice hogs, per cwt.	7.00 to 7.12½
Light hogs, per cwt.	6.75 to 6.87½
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	6.75 to 6.87½
Sows, per cwt.	3.50 to 4.00
Stags, per cwt.	0.00 to 2.00

TRAGEDY NEAR BRANDON

Farmer Shoots Merchant and Lady Companion.

A Winnipeg despatch says: One of the most tragic shooting cases in the history of Brandon occurred on Wednesday evening, and as a result Alonzo Rowe, known as "Old Man Rowe," is dead and Miss Ernie Therrien is mortally wounded, and her affianced husband, Thomas Law, of Alexander and Law Bros., millers, of Brandon, is also wounded. In the tragedy Mr. Law and Miss Therrien left Brandon in a buggy for the Beresford district for a day's chicken shooting. Having reached their destination Law and Miss Therrien drove on to the farm of Rowe, and were about to commence shooting. Rowe, who is seventy years of age and in the field at the time, and as soon as he saw the party he started his horses for the house, where he procured a gun, and returning, fired at the couple. Mr. Law had dismounted and was walking beside the buggy and received several pellets of shot in the knee, but Miss Therrien received almost the entire charge in her hip and abdomen. She fell from the rig to the ground, where her companion also lay unable to rise.

Meantime, Rowe returned to the house, where he took poison, dying almost instantly. For some time Rowe has been pestered by sportsmen, who have persisted in trespassing on his farm. It is supposed that, blinded with anger at the approach of Law and his companion over his farm, he seized his gun, and without considering the consequences, fired point-blank. Then, realizing what he had done, he committed suicide.

The gross liabilities of Britain, on March 31, 1902, were \$42,216,930, an increase of \$313,597,540 owing to the Boer war.

Lord Rosebery is suffering from a recurrence of insomnia, which caused him so much trouble while he was Premier.

The introduction of lace-making in the Herts and Industrial School for Girls in London has proved a success.

The Brighton Aquarium is to be converted into a winter garden. Thirty or forty thousand pounds will be spent on it.

Many of the Japanese bluejackets who visited Cardiff recently had provided themselves with small hand cameras.

An Imperial Colonial Club is being formed in London for colonials, Anglo-Indians, and residents of the United Kingdom.

About 75,000 Scotch miners have accepted the award of the arbitrators in allowing their employers a reduction of over six per cent. a day.

H. M. S. Donegal, a new heavily-armed cruiser of 9,600 tons, has just been launched on the Clyde. She has been twenty months under construction.

An American combine with a capital of \$30,000,000 is said to be organizing for the purpose of securing control of the British clothing market.

Portions of London's old Roman wall have been laid bare by the house-breakers now engaged in the demolition of Christ's Hospital, Newgate street.

In making excavations for a new deep drainage system at Stamford, England, workmen have unearthed the site of some Roman smelting works.

The Indian Government has presented to the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, a complete set of silver war medals and clasps granted for all the campaigns and numerous expeditions in India.

FOREST FIRE VICTIMS

The Searchers Witness Pitiful Scenes.

A Tacoma, Wash., despatch says: Arrive from the timber-stricken section of Clark County describe pitiful scenes witnessed there during the past two days in finding and burying forest fire victims. Ben Levy, a Dawson mine owner, returned on Monday from a search party, where he owned a tract of timber land. On Sunday he assisted in burying seven victims, and left because he could no longer stand the heart-rending scenes. Three of the victims were a mother and a child, who were buried unidentified. In another case, an entire family, consisting of father, mother, and two children, was exterminated. There was no way of learning the identity of these families. Levy says these are but two of numerous pathetic scenes.

TO PAY \$500,000.000

Transvaal and Orange River to Pay This Amount.

A London despatch says: The Daily Mail announces that the Government has decided that the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony shall pay £100,000,000 towards the cost of the South African War, and the cost of administration. An account has been opened at the Treasury, and the colonies have been debited to that amount. A loan will be raised, probably in the sum of £50,000,000. Taxation of the mining industry, concessions for the sale of dynamite, etc., will contribute materially to the payment of the £100,000,000.

The honorary freedom of Newcastle-on-Tyne is to be conferred upon all the townsmen who volunteered and served in South Africa.

NEWS ITEMS.

Telegraphic Briefs From All Over the Globe.

CANADA.

The museum in Dundurn Castle, at Hamilton, is to be open to the public on Sunday afternoons.

William Davidge of the Thorold Pulp Company was found dead in his room on Sunday with a bullet in his head.

The Dominion Packing Company of Charlottetown is after incorporation. The capital is placed at \$1,000,000.

Harry Bailey, farmer of Carberry, Man., lost thirteen acres of wheat by fire caused by a spark from a threshing engine.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars represent the wage earnings of the employees of the Paris factories during the past year.

It is reported to the department that the cable between Belle Isle and Chateau Bay is working satisfactorily, as also is the Marconi apparatus.

Nellie Wilson, alias Thurend, of Kingston, was sentenced to seven years in penitentiary at Montreal on Saturday for stealing two rings from her employer.

Statistics of immigration to Canada during the year ending June 30 give a total of between 65,000 and 70,000 immigrants, of whom 22,000 came from the United States.

Several fishing companies are preparing for commercial operation on a large scale in the Northwest fisheries in the district north of Edmonton. The attention of the Fisheries Department at Ottawa is now being directed toward this region.

GREAT BRITAIN.

British shipyards have notified their men of a reduction in wages. Queen's College, Belfast, proposes to establish a Faculty of Commerce.

Trials with new pattern shrapnel will be made on Salisbury Plain next month.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne corporation has decided to expend \$5,000,000 in extending the quays.

Thirty thousand passengers crossed between Dover and Ostend during the month of August.

There are over 15,000 entries at the Mid-Cheshire Agricultural Show at Knutsford, England.

Glasgow corporation is sending a deputation to Paris to inspect the streets and pavements of the city.

A prominent English dealer in grain makes the statement that half the wheat crop in England has been spoilt.

Sir Marcus Samuel is about to be chosen Lord Mayor of London. He will be the second Israelite to hold that office.

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WHY WOOL IS SO CHEAP

BY ALFRED MANSELL, OF
SHREWSBURY, ENG.

Objections to Legislation for Protection to Wool Growers.

The objections to the proposed Government Bill are rather strongly put by the Textile World, a paper judging from its name, which has its sympathies mainly with the manufacturers. They state that if the bill becomes law no fabric containing the slightest proportion of wool will come into the United States, for there is no method known to man of determining how much of the wool in a fabric has been and how much has not been subjected to a manufacturing process before it reached the mill where it was last converted into cloth. This, I am informed, is incorrect. The Bradford Conditioning House can determine what any fabric is made of by actual percentages.

It is stated that the Customs House officials can distinguish cotton, linen, silk, and certain other fibres from wool and woolen shoddy; but they will be forced either to refuse admission to the goods or accept the statement of the importer as to how much wool shoddy there is in the cloth.

THE NEXT OBJECTION has reference to the enactment that all goods manufactured prior to the passage of the Act, and which had passed out of the hands of the manufacturer and the ingredients of which are not known, shall be labeled "Manufactured prior to the Pure Fibre Act, composition not known."

The article in question contends that the manufactured goods thus placed under a ban would approach in value \$850,000,000, and by labeling them they would be cast under suspicion regarding their merit. This, I take it, could be minimized by postponing the bill coming into operation until a year or so had elapsed from its becoming law.

When margarine was sold as butter and rightly so, because the fat of an ox was being sold as the product of the cow, and now, forsooth, because a simple microscopic examination (as is the case with margarine) will not disclose the fraud, we are told in this article that no attempt must be made to protect the public and ensure their being able to purchase a pure woolen garment. Difficulties were made to be overcome, and we should not be content to sit down and take it as an accepted fact that there is no solution of this problem.

Another difficulty that the writers see is that honest manufacturers of goods containing 90 per cent. of wool would tag them as mixed or shoddy goods, whilst the dishonest

Perpetual Motion.

When George Stephenson was asked, "Do you believe in perpetual motion?" he replied, "Yes, if you lift yourself by the waist-band of the trousers, and carry yourself three times round the room."

Just so, and a woman would just as soon believe that she has not to pay dearly for common premium soaps, in the low quality of soap, in ruined hands and clothes, she would be kept in perpetual motion trying to do with common soap what she could so easily do with Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. 216

manufacturer of goods containing 90 per cent. of shoddy would tag them as all wool. This difficulty may arise, but under the impression that to work up 90 per cent. of shoddy a considerable amount of cotton must be used, and the dishonest manufacturer would probably find himself

MULTIPLIED IN A HEAVY FINE.

As before stated, undoubtedly some shoddy is far better, and would make a better cloth than some sorts of foreign high-grade Kempton wool, but these alone, and not adulterated, would not make a cloth to deceive anyone, and therefore do not compete with any except the adulterated goods.

That there are many difficulties in the way of getting practical legislation on the subject cannot be denied, but the importance of promoting honesty amongst manufacturers and protecting the people from imposition demands the serious attention of the Legislature of all civilized countries, because, as a matter of fact, it really concerns the masses of the people more than the sheep men who are directly interested, because under present conditions all the poorer classes are entirely clad in the adulterated goods.

There can be no question that the majority of men and women who go into a shop to purchase woollen goods have no knowledge of the extensive fraud daily perpetrated in selling them goods largely composed of substitutes for wool, and that 90 per cent. of the buyers have no idea that when asking for woollen goods they are too often purchasing an article from which raw wool is conspicuous by its absence.

This process heavily on the laboring and artisan classes, who practically never get anything except so-called cheap goods, but which would be more truthfully designated if called low-priced goods. It is contended that even if the price were somewhat enhanced, the genuine woollen garment would give a greater comfort and health, wear much longer, and in the end prove much more economical than adulterated goods.

In conclusion I beg to express my sense of obligation to the numerous correspondents, in England, the United States, and Canada for much valuable information supplied to me.

"WASHING COAL."

A Useful and Helpful Process With Fuel.

The purpose of washing coal is to free it as nearly as practicable of all matter that reduces its heating capacity, or has a detrimental effect upon the metal produced with such coal, or with coke made from such coal.

The impurities in coal are of two kinds, such as are chemically passive, but which do not produce heat, but, on the contrary, absorb heat and clog the openings in the grates by forming ashes and clinkers; they must be repeatedly handled, shipped and freight paid for them and are a burden all around.

The other kind of impurities are chiefly iron pyrites, an ore composed of iron and sulphur, containing as much as 53 per cent. of the latter elements. There occurs also frequently some phosphorus, which remains in the ashes. The sulphur and phosphorus are both injurious to the quality of iron produced in blast furnace, and for this reason it is very important that coal or coke for blast furnace use shall be as free from those two elements as possible. The phosphorus occurs in the ash producing matter and remains there, unless it is given an opportunity to be chemically combined with iron, lime or other matter for which it has an affinity.

The value of furnace coke is based, apart from general commercial reasons, upon its degree of purity from ashes, sulphur and phosphorus. The ashes and sulphur, which are combined with the coke, cannot be disposed of as under ordinary conditions, as, for instance, when fuel is burned upon grates, but it must be melted and thus converted into slag. But the heat in a blast furnace is not sufficient to melt the ashes, except if some other element is added to the charge which melts readily and has the property of inducing the ashes to melt also. Such elements are the metallic alloys called flux; one of the most efficient and cheapest is lime-stone, and this is used for converting not only ashes, but also non-metallic matter contained in the apart from the ash charged into the furnace to liquify the earthy ingredients of ore, it takes two pounds of limestone for every pound of ashes brought into the furnace. If, in accordance with this, we consider the amount of ashes charged into a furnace consuming, say, 300 tons of coke per day, and which coke contains, say, 10 per cent. of ashes, then we find that the ash charged amounts to thirty tons, and the limestone consumed in melting the ashes is sixty tons. Now, assuming that the cost of this is \$1 per ton, comprising quarrying, loading, shipping, unloading and charging into the furnace, there is a daily expenditure of \$60, which is in round figures \$22,000 per annum, and represents 5 per cent. interest on a capital of \$440,000. For this and the other reasons the price paid for furnace coke is based upon its water or lower freedom from impurities, which is ascertained by chemical analysis.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets. Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

HOW TO CLIMB STAIRS.

Go Slowly, Tread on Ball of Foot and Don't Lean Forward.

Those stairs will be the death of me yet. You have heard the expression of such sentiment, if, indeed you have not felt the probability of the same unvoiced prophecy, says a writer in Medical Talk. Girls complain to me of backache, and quickly say, "You know I have to go up and downstairs so much this year." The flights to which they refer are in a town hall; the steps are high, and the flights are long—yet some can climb them several times a day and not have a grumbling back or any other uncomfortable result. The secret lies in the way they do it.

A girl is putting a severe strain on her back when she goes up stairs using a heavy, flat-footed tramp. She is uncomfortable, the heavy step jars her spine and head, and to make the ordeal as short as possible she hurries, and possibly runs. Naturally, the body retranslates at such unjust treatment.

I have watched carefully the manner which most people adopt and think you will agree that this is a very common spectacle. One woman I frequently see ascending stairs leans so far over that when she turns the spiral she invariably puts her hands on the upper stairs.

Try another way if you want to feel all the exhilaration and buoyancy of an excellent exercise. Keep the weight well over the advanced foot, with the chest the furthest point forward. To strike into the ball of the foot on the stair gives buoyancy of step to most people, although some claim they can place the whole foot lightly on the stairs to good advantage.

Be sure and take your time. Remember you are lifting the weight of the body many times, and it is no light exercise.

The work the back has to do ought to be a greater going upstairs correctly than when on a level. The legs are the members of your bodily community which ought to perform that service for you.

I have known medical authorities to recommend walking up stairs correctly as good exercise for reducing prominent abdomen and relieving indigestion.

Therefore, the commonly conceived bugbear of some housekeepers may become a boon. They ought to reach the top of the stairs exhilarated, feeling the glow of healthful exercise.

THE WORLD'S COAL.

The mechanics of civilization are at present so firmly based on coal that statistics of the production of the precious black fuel always possess an absorbing interest. According to the latest official figures, the United States and the British Empire are running a close race in coal production. During the year 1900 the former produced 244,901,839 metric tons, and the latter 247,938,725 metric tons. Of the British production, all 19,143,866 metric tons were won from the rocks of the United Kingdom. The production of the entire world in 1900 was 767,636,204 metric tons.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Stiff and Swollen Necks.

Mr. Hooper, 57 Grosvenor street, Belfast, writes: "Having from a cold got a very stiff and painful swollen neck, I tried all the usual remedies without effect. I was almost giving it up when a book was placed on my counter describing St. Jacobs Oil. I procured a bottle, and had scarcely rubbed it on my neck when I felt better. In a short time the pain left me and the swelling went down. Finding it so good in this case, I then tried it on my ankle, which I had sprained, and which was frequently very painful. I soon had the pleasure of finding that pain also disappeared. I must say I consider St. Jacobs Oil of great value."

If this globe were cooled to 220 degrees below zero centigrade, the atmosphere would become liquid and form a sea of gas about 35 feet deep.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Lake Huron holds the record among lakes of containing over 3,000 islands. The area of Lake Huron is 20,400 square miles. Its largest island is over 1,000 square miles. Lough Erne, in Ireland, has 300 islands.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss: FRANK J. CHENEY, Mayor, do hereby certify that he is senior partner of the firm of J. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER, as cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1905.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the inflamed mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HOW LUNG?

"There are not a few people who take a pitiable and morbid delight in believing that they are assailed by an incurable disease which must shortly close their careers," observed the doctor.

"I am sure there is something the matter with my lungs. Please tell me the truth," said a very anxious old lady to her physician the other day.

"The latter made a careful examination, and replied: 'I find that your lungs are in a normal condition.'"

The patient, with a deep sigh of resignation, asked: "And about how long can I expect to live with them in that state?"

A POSITIVE MAN.

HE SEEMS ABLE TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF WHAT HE SAYS.

Mr. Chalker Makes Some Very Strong Statements Which Explain That He is Prepared to Prove the Truth of Every Assertion He Makes.

Housety's Rapids, Ont., Sept. 22.—(Special)—Mr. George C. Chalker, a well known resident of this place, has authorized the publication of a letter containing some very startling statements.

"Those who know Mr. Chalker will not ask any proof of the truth of any statement he makes, but to convince those who do not know him, he has announced that he is prepared to substantiate in every detail, the truth of his published statement, which is as follows:—

"It is with pleasure that I certify to the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills. 'I was laid up with Kidney Trouble and was so bad that I could not do a day's work. My back was very sore, I had heavy aching arms, dull bloated eyes. I was very weak and much reduced in weight.'"

"After I had used six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was ten pounds heavier. I often wonder about the powerful virtue of this medicine. I do not know anything about what Dodd's Kidney Pills are said to cure but I know a great deal about what they will actually do for Lame Back and Kidney Trouble, and I can prove it."

"They are worth their weight in gold to any one suffering as I suffered. The six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely and there has been no return of my old trouble. That is over three years ago, and I still enjoy good health."

"This is indeed a very strong testimonial for Dodd's Kidney Pills, and one which will have very great weight with all who have the pleasure of Mr. Chalker's acquaintance or friendship."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made many friends and are to-day, without doubt, the most popular family medicine.

"NO."

On the corner-stone of that fabric which we entitle mankind to engrave the monosyllable "No." He who early learns the use of that invaluable word has already learned the way to peace, and comfort, and safety. An easy compliance frustrates everything. Respect for others need not degenerate into servitude; but respect for oneself—that is the very alpha and omega of all inward command.

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children's colic, with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gum, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste, and is sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

The panorama of London painted in 1829 by Mr. Horner, covered over an acre of canvas.

SINGS THE COMEDY and works of the Cold Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 30 cents.

A lady returning home from the seaside unexpectedly found her husband using the drawing-room for the purpose of giving a select party to her friends. "Ann, I am surprised," she ejaculated. "So am I, ma'am," replied the unabashed girl; "I thought you wouldn't be home for a fortnight."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. "No Cure, No Pay." Price 30 cents.

Germany produced 24 million tons of beet sugar last year out of the 64 millions grown in the whole world.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Dorking fowls have five toes, and the cock birds often have double combs. Usually fowls have but four toes.

Mr. Bilkins—"What a sad fate that woman has!" Mrs. Bilkins—"Yes, poor thing!" She has either loved and lost, or loved and got him."

Lever's V-Z (Vine) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spilkins?" asked Miss Purling. "Yes," replied Spilkins, sadly; "I played cards with a couple."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Blue Ribbon Tea Co. pack Ceylon Black, Mixed and Green. All grocers keep them and each is the best of its kind.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green



WHOLESALE Staple Clothing Also PANTS, KNICKERS, OVERALLS, ETC., ETC. Ask your dealer for these goods—BEST EVER. WYLD-DARLING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, TORONTO. Can handle your APPLES, PEACHES, PARSNIPS, PLUMS, ONIONS, POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, to good advantage. Let us have your consignments, it will pay you. Stamps and pads on application.

OUR BRANDS.
King Edward 1000s
"Headlight" 830s
"Eagle" 1000 & 2000
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands. USE EDDY'S

WABASH RAILROAD During the months of September and October, will sell one way second class tourist tickets at greatly reduced rates to California, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Montana, British Columbia and other Pacific Coast points. Tickets will be sold via all direct routes. The Wabash is the shortest, best and quickest route from Canada to the above points. Finest equipped passenger trains in America. Rates, time-tables and all particulars from any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Passenger Agent, N. E. Corner King & Yonge Sts., Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

"What is a synonym?" asked the teacher. "Please, sir," said a lad, "it's a word you can use in place of another if you don't know how to spell the other one."

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gentlemen.—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever. Yours truly, A. E. ROY. Carriage maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

Six of the great glaciers of Greenland yearly deliver into the sea four square miles of ice 1,000 feet thick.

THE MANY ADVANTAGES offered passengers bound for Buffalo and New York by the Grand Trunk's fast "New York Express," leaving Toronto 6.15 p.m. daily, are seen at a glance when the splendid equipment is considered. A full dining car service until Niagara Falls is reached, a safe parlor car running through to Buffalo, and one of Pullman's finest sleeping cars from Toronto to New York guarantees patrons comfort and luxury as well as speed. The safe and dining cars are acknowledged to be the handsomest in America, being electric lighted and equipped with electric fans. City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

There are 870 newspapers in Japan. Thirty years ago there were only three or four.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

There are 2,200 whites in the Congo Free State of whom 1,318 are Belgians. There are only 115 English.

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER. Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Brightens the gums.

MUSIC Teachers WANTED To send for our Complete Sheet Music Catalogue and Special Rates. We are equipped to supply every Music Teacher in Canada.

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W P C 1147

NEURALGIC PAINS

ARE A CRY OF THE NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red Blood and Drive These Pains From the System—Read the Proof.

A high medical authority has defined neuralgia as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to effectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them. Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, Ont., offers strong proof of the results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. He says: "A few years ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo I got wet. I did not think it worth while changing my clothes at the time, but I soon began to suffer for my neglect. I awoke next morning with cramps and pains throughout my body. I was unable to go to work and called in a doctor, who left me some medicine. I used it faithfully for some time, but it did not help me. In fact I was growing steadily worse and became so reduced in flesh that I weighed only 138 pounds. As I was not able to work I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I placed myself under the care of a local doctor, which had taken a thorough hold upon my entire system. Misfortune seemed to follow me for me, and I think my neighbors at least did not think I was going to get better. I had often heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in this emergency I determined to try them. I had used more than three boxes before I felt that the pills were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten or twelve boxes, I had fully recovered my old-time strength, and have been able to work at my trade as carpenter without any trouble. I have no pains or aches, and I now weigh 156 pounds. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an invaluable medicine and shall always have a good word to say for them."

When the nerves are unstrung, or when the system is out of order, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine to take. They cure all troubles arising from these causes, and make weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Protect yourself against imitations by noting that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

